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## THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1868.

### WHAT FOLLOWS.

NOW that the question of the Presidency is virtually decided, let us hope that good men of all parties will accept the situation, resolve to make the best of things, and unite in a hearty effort to restore the prosperity and accord of the country. We have been among the minority who have thought that the best roads to national restoration, either in heart or purse, did not lie in the direction our Republican friends would have us pursue; but when it becomes manifest that, through lawful means, we are constrained to go in that direction and no other, we are disposed to do so with a willing spirit, and to hope that the consequences may be better than we have anticipated. An independent journal, if never a neutral or partisan one, *The Round Table*, acting from what we venture to believe it is right to call disinterested and patriotic convictions, has, to some extent, cast its influence in this canvass upon the weaker and, as it appears, the losing side. We do not regret this in the slightest degree. Other things being equal, we confess to a preference for being on the weaker side in any given controversy. Having personally nothing to gain and nothing to lose from the success or failure of either political party—except, indeed, the profit or loss inuring to any citizen through the success or failure of a given set of political principles—we cherish, in either event, the satisfactory persuasion that we have done what seemed our duty, and that those who know us best will do justice to the purity of our intentions. Moreover, claiming as we do to be actuated solely by a desire for the public good, nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see our apprehensions respecting the future, in the event of Republican victory, falsified by events. The majority of the people plainly desire the election of General Grant. They have more confidence in the principles he represents than in those advocated by his opponents. They have an undoubted constitutional right to carry that confidence into practical effect, and we sincerely hope the future prosperity of the nation will justify their choice.

Under the circumstances—assuming, that is to say, that General Grant's election is now inevitable—we should be glad to see his majority a very large one. The more numerous that majority the freer will be his hands when in the Presidential chair; and as, whatever else he may be, General Grant is certainly a rate-minded and dispassionate man, a man who looks at things very thoroughly indeed before he takes up his mind about them, it is highly desirable, since he must be President, that the country should have the untrammelled advantage of these particular good qualities. Now, the stronger his constituency, the greater the confidence thus expressed in him, the more complete will be General Grant's independence. We have already seen foreshadowed the decided hostility of the extreme wing of the Republican party; and there seems excellent ground to believe that in a short time the whole band of fanatics and ideologists will be arrayed against him. It is by no means a fanciful supposition, but one resting on a solid basis of probability, that by this time next year *The New York Tribune*, and its whole school, will be General Grant's open foes. Mr. Wendell Phillips and *The Independent* have, at all events, struck the key-note, to which, in no single instance, have their Radical friends hitherto ever failed to respond. It is merely a question of time, and sooner or later, judging by all analogies and precedents, the response will be forthcoming. The pressure consequent on this will bring about a result as certain as its cause. When the tide is low in one place it is the unerring sign that it is high in another. As soon as the Radicals begin in any force to assail General Grant, the Democrats will begin to support him; and out of the chaotic political conditions thus engendered new

organizations will shape themselves, one of which will undoubtedly consist of a union of moderate Republicans and moderate Democrats, who will constitute the great popular party of the future.

With these probabilities before them we trust that intelligent Democrats, whatever may have been the strength of their convictions or the bitterness of their prejudices, will accept with manly temper the fortune of war, remembering that failure in a Presidential election by no means implies the final overthrow of all their hopes and wishes. The displeasure of vast numbers of Northern men at the undue prominence in the Democratic array of leaders conspicuous in the late war, and the feeling of insecurity respecting ends that it is felt much has been sacrificed to compass, have gone far to swell the Republican vote and to clinch Republican success. But, as Mr. John Quincy Adams has well and truly said, the heartfelt desire of the great bulk of the Northern people is to treat the South with kindness and generosity. In the nature of things this desire will find, after General Grant's election, stronger and stronger expression. No longer restrained by apprehensions—whether well or ill founded—lest the issues settled by the war are to be revived, or in some form reasserted, the fraternal feeling of the Northern masses will exhibit itself in a tangible and unmistakable manner, and in all probability will occasion and justify concessions that at present it might be imprudent even to suggest. Patience, temperateness, and hope are, then, the words of which our Southern friends should now think most, for they surely are the indices of their future regeneration and salvation. Out of evil, over and over again, has come good, and the race is not always to the swift, neither is the battle for ever to the strong.

### AUSTRIA.

WE regard it as a rather favorable omen for Austria's future that the work of her regeneration is not to be accomplished without some domestic trials. The plant which shoots up too rapidly seldom takes firm root in the soil, and of this rule the new kingdom of Italy might be cited as a familiar illustration. A state which has ripened gradually—that is, slowly and in due time—into freedom, occupies an entirely different position from that of a state which has suddenly and without the previous requisite training obtained that inestimable boon. And doubly dangerous is this forced and premature freedom to a nation which still lacks great and sharply-drawn historical parties. The dissensions which are then likely to ensue end only too often in such a series of rashly provoked and languidly-continued chronic contests as those between the Prussian parliament and monarchy. Regenerated Austria has been the recipient of so large a share of freedom, the contrast between what she is and what she was is so great, that it should for a long period to come be her sole policy rather to cement the new acquisitions, and to turn them to practical advantage, than to seek still further to augment them. It is only by steadily adhering to such a programme that constitutional institutions can be securely established, and Austria enabled to afford to popular liberty an asylum not only against extreme radicalism, but against that Cæsarism which wears a constitutional mask. It is of vital importance to the healthy development of a young free state that it should avoid the rocks which it must always expect to encounter in the outset of its career. In the fusion of conflicting interests and discordant elements is developed a definite direction; either a direction which, in its excessive love of liberty, tends to shake the newly-laid foundations, or a direction which, by a judicious employment of the newly-acquired freedom, strengthens and settles them.

There can be no doubt that in the interior of the empire weapons are being forged—both openly and secretly, for present or for future uses—which are to be directed against the new order of things. Only two seem to us, however, sufficiently formidable to be taken into serious account by the Austrian statesmen, and these are the Czech agitation and the opposition of Rome. Fortunately, neither of them—a return to the Concordat régime being out of the question—seeks so much to support as to weaken and divide the legitimate central authority in the state. Did the new system aim at the subjugation of the Church in

her own domain, did it aspire to effect something else than the independence of the temporal authority and the freedom of conscience, the threatened collision might, perhaps, prove fatal. But what Austria desires is simply to leave the state and the communes to the management of their own concerns—a privilege which Rome has long since conceded to Catholic Belgium and Most Christian France—and this promises to render the solution of her troubles more easy. The battle to be fought is not one for the oppression of the Church, but for the vindication of the natural rights of the state, which had formerly been treated as a fit subject for ecclesiastical interference. Equally marked is the distinction between the Czech agitation and the constitutional contest recently brought to a triumphant conclusion by the Hungarians. The claims of the latter never rested on the basis of the nationality theory, but were predicated on positive political rights—rights which had been practically asserted, even down to recent days. The Czechs, on the contrary, seek to revive rights long obsolete, which had been abandoned for centuries, and this they now try to bring about in a way which would render the hegemony of the western half of the empire an impossibility. And there remains still another distinction to be noted. In Hungary all the political influence, all the large estates, all the historical traditions and privileges, have always been in the hands of the Magyars. Hungary never was a parietic country, and is in this respect entirely unlike Bohemia, whose population always was at least two-fifths German and the other three-fifths Czech. The latter may, therefore, give some trouble, but they cannot imperil Austria or the new system, no matter whether the Czechs submit to the new constitutional arrangement or whether they carry their opposition really so far as to provoke an armed collision. No aid need be expected from Russia in the latter contingency. In spite of the Czech pilgrimage to the Panslavic Congress at Moscow, Russia knows too well that her active interposition would be the signal for a reopening of the whole Polish question, not merely by diplomatic notes but by bayonets. A rising in Bohemia might easily be kept in check by the German element, supported by a trifling force of Austrian troops; but in Poland a couple of foreign divisions could paralyze the whole power of Russia, and prevent her from operating in the west.

Another favorable phase of the Czech agitation and the Concordat trouble is, that both have a direct tendency to form a healthy public opinion, and to impart to it a direction calculated to incline the national Parliament to extend an energetic support to the supreme authority in the state. Not only present but future popular assemblies may thus be put on their guard against pandering to those theoretically-liberal, or radical, illusions which usually menace the parliamentary life of a nation not yet fully ripe for its responsibilities. Perhaps we might emphasize a still more prominent phase which also promises to have a share in rendering the domestic trials of Austria at this important crisis of her history rather salutary than otherwise. The Czechs, as well as the Roman hierarchy, though both equally inimical to the new system, are no less hostile to each other, and will therefore never make common cause. This antagonism, which was hitherto negative, must come to the surface when it becomes positive. The Czech demonstration at the Huss festival at Constance was already a significant symptom. It recalls to our recollection the memorable Council at Kostnitz, which not only deposed two popes, but consigned at the same time Huss to the stake and his ashes to the waters of the Rhine. It reminds us also of the important fact that all the reformatory struggles of the Bohemians—intimately connected as they were for centuries with the religious problems which once agitated the whole Christian world—have ever been of an exclusively national character. Thus associated, the religious and the national wars of the Czechs were always waged under such decided disadvantages, and against such vast odds, that they invariably resulted in disaster and defeat. The histories of Poland and Ireland present a similar anomaly, only that it was the orthodox, not the schismatic, spirit which went in these countries hand in hand with the national movement. When John of Hussinetz, or, as he is commonly called, John Huss, was joined by Hieronymus



of Prague, in preaching a faith founded on the Wyckliffian dogma, and when the new doctrine had gained favor at the Prague University—then said to have numbered thirty thousand students—his countrymen the Czechs, and, for a period, even his king (from hatred of the Pope), espoused the cause of reform. But neither the Germans of Bohemia nor the Germans of the adjoining states could be persuaded to join the new religious crusade. The fate which befell the Hussites, after their heroic and obstinate resistance, is well known. Their creed survived, however, in the "Bohemian Brethren" and the "Calatines," and supplied a connecting link between the earlier reformation and that later one which succeeded in Bohemia the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. As before, it lighted anew the fires of war, until the defeat at the White Mountain once more crushed both the religious and the national aspirations of the Czechs.

When we come down to our own days we perceive a double change. During the troubled times of the last two decades, Bech's freedom-hating bureaucracy and Thun's Concordat policy found their most zealous and active adherents among the Czechs. Men of this class were regularly exported to the Austrian crown lands. But the new generation of Czechs, which is the soul of the present agitation, bears no semblance to that generation, and will never fight side by side with the champions of the syllabus and the latest Papal allocution. The Constance demonstration has sufficiently attested this. The modern Czech is no longer the fanatic zealot he was in the age of Huss, and the gulf which separates him from his German fellow-Bohemian is not so wide as then. On the other hand, the state itself is no longer arrayed in hostile opposition to what may tend to perpetuate and keep alive the old Hussite memories, and which might, for this reason, be considered anti-clerical in the Czech movement. It concedes the greatest possible latitude to the private judgement and conscience, and interposes its authority only when the safety of the state and public order demand the suppression of orthodox or schismatic combinations formed for unlawful purposes.

We repeat, therefore, that, as the situation now stands, the political regeneration of Austria has nothing to fear from Czech or Pope. But the leaders of the new system must not forget that these weapons are only blunted because the state simply executes the laws, and abstains from interfering with civil liberty and religious rights. Should passion or prejudice tempt them to go a step beyond this, martyrdom may play its usual rôle.

#### NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

THE desperate proposal to nominate, at the eleventh hour, a fresh Democratic candidate for the Presidency has fallen to the ground. That the expedient of thus changing commanders on the eve of battle has been sometimes successfully adopted is quite true. But a course so perilous can only be warranted by one of two things. There must be something like reasonable probability that it will either strengthen our own forces or weaken those of the enemy. It must promise unity and enthusiasm on one side, or division and discouragement on the other. Now, a change of candidates by the Democrats at this particular juncture would inevitably produce exactly the reverse of these effects. It would divide and discourage their own party, and unite and embolden their adversaries. For this reason it is perhaps strange that such a course has not been adopted by the influential Democratic leaders. There would have been a certain consistency even in the inconsistency of throwing overboard their captain in the height of the tempest and selecting another. These strategists, who, like the last of their prototypes just driven from Spain, neither learn anything nor forget anything, might well have signaled the final sinking of their star by an act of characteristically puerile folly which would have surrounded them with something like tragic splendor, by exaggerating to their utmost possible limits the depth and extent of the impending catastrophe.

The Democratic leadership has been so disastrously bad that it deserves to be dwelt upon, and, if possible, burnt into the memory of the country. We do not speak of Mr. Seymour, who has perhaps had less to

do with the management of the canvass than any other prominent man of his party. We do speak of those who have pulled wires, handled purse-strings, and concocted ideas for the organization. Undoubtedly the ablest conceivable efforts *might* not have succeeded, although we think they would have done so. But, with the view and the purpose to win, to leave undone nothing which should propitiate victory, what was necessary? Plainly these things: A straightforward platform of principles squarely consistent with the Democratic record and theory, upheld by men whose devotion to the Union and the national honor could not be challenged, and by such men only; a thoroughly organized and indefatigably carried out system of great public meetings extending in all directions, and managed with watchful sagacity by a central directory having discretionary powers and abundant means to put into the field the strongest and most brilliant speakers, mixing solid and influential old men with the ablest and most promising young ones, who could be got to do service for the cause; and, finally, extraordinary pains should have been taken to enlist in the Democratic behalf the services of a high class of writers, who should have been diligently employed in expounding the principles and urging the claims of the party to general confidence and support.

In both these last respects the Republicans have had a vast advantage over their rivals; an advantage which the latter have done nothing or next to nothing to counterbalance. It is a notorious, and now proves a significant, fact that the great bulk of eloquent speaking and clever writing in this canvass have been done for the Republican side. With exceptions that may be counted on the fingers the Democrats have really had neither spokesmen nor journalists whose abilities were worth a straw to their party. There has been no new blood, no fresh energy, no rising talent sought out and utilized in the Democratic service. The old, leaden, myopic ideas of the past have guided each step of the Democratic leaders, and have controlled and repressed any possible exhibition of enterprise, courage, or generosity. They have neglected means for persuading the adverse party and for spreading enthusiasm among their friends that even school-boys would have been ashamed in a similar situation to omit. They have neither designed nor caused to be executed a single telling *coup* in the party interest to redeem the damage of their colossal blunder in July. They have forfeited even the right to look for sympathy in defeat. With a few they may gain credit for a certain sullen sagacity in declining to put new wine into old bottles. But the end will be practically the same, and none can say it is not well deserved. Destruction hovers over both horns of the dilemma, for the wine is stale, flat, and unprofitable in the one case, and it would inevitably have burst the bottles in the other.

#### MUSICAL MEN.

APTNESS for the study of music, it has been justly observed by a recent essayist, is universally presumed of every woman. Clarinda has scarcely emerged from the melodious chaos of the nursery before she is set to work to cultivate her supposed talent. It may be that she is equally destitute of ear and taste, that her soul is innocent of music to a degree that should make her fit for any quantity of treasons, stratagems, and spoils; that she is proof against the most earnest and intelligent instruction—yet so long as she can read her notes and drum out with more or less mechanical exactness a halting accompaniment to a tuneless song, she answers all the expectations of parental pride and satisfies all the requirements of friendly enthusiasm. Young women in society are never asked if they do play or sing, but if they will, so universally are these accomplishments taken for granted in *le beau sexe*. Nor is it far to look for the reason. Like every other feature of female education in the present day, this has reference to that sole end of womanly existence, that only aim of a proper womanly ambition, whose path is lit by the alluring torch of a prosperous Hymen. Music has charms to soothe the savage breast of a possible though perhaps reluctant lover; to bind him in the silvery chains of harmony, and bring him a willing and deluded victim to the feet of the syren. As most men, without the ability to be very critical of its quality, are very fond of music, or, as is oftener

the case, think it stylish to pretend they are, it constitutes a formidable munition in the matrimonial magazine. Beside, the piano lends opportunity and place for so many little subtleties of flirtation. In Clarinda's view, Adolphus looks never so charming as when his blond moustache is curling over her music rack, his willing but awkward fingers turning over the pages in the wrong place, and his ardent eyes talking to hers that admiration which she can so plausibly pretend to be unconscious of, which she can make believe to accredit to the song rather than to the singer. Then, too, such a vast amount of meaning can be lawfully thrown into an amatory ballad; a fickle adorer can be so delicately reminded how the "heart that has truly loved never forgets;" a diffident admirer so modestly encouraged, like Miss Dickinson's hero, to "Ask her no more, for at a touch she yields," that it is no wonder Clarinda is devoted to the art.

With men, however, it is very different. There is no such presumption of musical talent in their case; indeed, with most women the presumption usually is that most men in society have no talent at all except, possibly, for dancing, and certainly for being married. That, in feminine judgement, all men are supposed to be equal to. So it usually happens that a musical man is looked upon as a prodigy, to be praised and petted and flattered and crowned with innumerable caresses. Men are naturally vain enough, women tell us, forgetting how they make us so, and it would be strange indeed if such treatment failed to endow them with more than their natural allowance of conceit. Indeed, for so delightful an experience one might almost consent to be a musical man; though the utter self-contempt and self-abasement which a musical man with brains, supposing so unnatural a monster possible, must endure, would speedily put an end to his discordant existence. Fortunately, musical men, as a rule, never have brains, which is, perhaps, a strong additional reason for the preference which women give them, as both these facts combine to constitute the main cause of their unpopularity with men. For men treat them very much as they would handle an ornamental but utterly useless piece of Bohemian glass, and talk to them as though the electric shock of a sudden idea would shatter their brittle elegance; and the musical man, though he is intellectually incapable of analyzing the distinction—unable, because he is a fool, to see wherein he is treated like one, is still dimly disquieted and made instinctively conscious of a vast, unpleasant difference between the reception accorded to him by his feminine adorers and that which he meets with from their brothers and husbands and masculine unmusical friends. So he naturally avoids the frosts of manly contempt to bask in the sunshine of womanly sympathy; he degenerates into a morning-caller, and rears in matutinal drawing-rooms, surrounded and inspired by appreciative beauty, a paradise of melody and simpering inanity where ideas are not, and the serpent, knowledge, never enters.

Of course, in drawing so unflattering a portrait, it is well to discriminate carefully the class that it depicts. Neither great composers nor great performers are meant to be included in it; though of the latter it may be remarked that any great degree of talent for instrumental music seems to be regarded by Nature as a boon so precious and rare as to compensate for the absence of all beside. A man who is entirely great as a pianist or a violinist or a cornetist is seldom found to be a person of liberal culture and expanded intellect. Music is an imperious mistress who exacts the entire homage of her votaries, and is apt to make all things else seem subservient and secondary to herself. The professional musician who aspires to be master of the art which finally enslaves him has little time and less inclination for excursions into outside fields of alien knowledge; and as the mere process of fingering the keys of a piano or an organ, however it may serve to develop one's taste, does very little toward disciplining one's intellect, it is not surprising to find that he generally carries a music-box where most other people wear a head. Still, we do not purpose to discuss the intellectual shortcomings of the professional musician, but to attempt to indicate faintly the nature of his counterfeit presentment, the amateur, the musical man of society.

It is not difficult to recognize him. He is the gentleman who parts his hair in the middle because Mario did, and whose first move on entering the drawing-room is to sit down and squirm on the piano-stool and begin vaguely fingering the keys or turning over the music; who enlivens the conversation with a softly-hummed running accompaniment of the choice *morceaux* from the latest opera; who, indeed, resents all conversation as a nuisance and an outrage which does



not introduce the subject of music, and give Mrs. Jones an opportunity of begging him to favor the company with that delightful waltz of Thingumbob's he plays so divinely. Then he soars at once into animation and energy, and if he does not continue to favor the company for the remainder of the evening, it is only because Mrs. Jones has on hand others of his tribe whom it is necessary to propitiate, and for whose presumptuous inferiority he scornfully makes way. It is not necessary that he should play much, however; indeed, the less he knows about it practically the more intensely musical he often is, and we have seen him set up and even recognized for first-class authority in music on the strength of his own ear and the length of other people's, a bowing acquaintance with the notes, and unbounded practice in blowing his own trumpet. But if he does not play, which may be a moot point, it is only because he has never tried; he is conscious in himself of an immense latent capacity, and then he is so passionately fond of music and so sensitive. One meets him at every opera keeping time to the singing with feet, legs, hands, arms, and head at once, and altogether disporting himself like an exaggerated Jumping Jack under the influence of a strong shock of electricity; and his homeward way one traces painfully by shrill and sibilant perversions of the score.

The musical man differs according to the instrument he affects, and which he is generally trying to learn to play on. A keen observer will find that the gentleman who tortures the violin is altogether unlike the individual who racks you by his eccentric gambols on the flute; the romantic youth who feebly but ineffectually imitates the troubadour on his light guitar in no respect resembles the devotee of the accordion; the hapless creature who pours his discordant soul into the key-bugle is another being from the sombre enthusiast who squanders himself on the violoncello. And the amateur pianist differs again from all these, and is much the worst of all, because, naturally gregarious, he is protected by a certain social countenance and toleration which is denied to his co-workers in iniquity. The violinist and the flutist and the key-bugler have, added to a certain natural inclination to solitude which the cultivation of these instruments seems of itself to develop, a force of public opinion against them which it would be vain to oppose or deny. No man in his right senses would attempt to play the key-bugle anywhere but in the attic, and on the first floor one is tolerably safe. And at the worst one can always fight him with his own weapons; one can practice on the trombone or the kettle-drum or the ophicleide or the bag-pipes, or, failing this, furtively plug his horn or snap his fiddle-strings or slit his accordion or put wax in his flute, or, as a last resort, leave his neighborhood. But all these defences fail before the devilish malice of the pianist. Those are occasional nuisances, but he is chronic. He attacks you only in society under the protection of a common hospitality, when politeness demands that you shall not only endure the horror, but even pretend to be pleased, though you know that your praises will probably elicit a repetition of the torture.

We have tried to sketch the musical man as we usually find him. Of course, to this, as to every other general rule, there are many and great exceptions. We know, as doubtless everybody knows, men who join to the dearest mastery of keys or strings all manner of social and intellectual graces; who will rise from a discussion of odic forces to ravish you with one of Beethoven's sonatas. But they are not justly to be called musical men, because with them music is simply a pastime, not a passion nor a pursuit. The mere musical man they find quite as intolerable as we do; they have even a bitter grudge against him because of the unmerited odium in which a superficial resemblance implicates them. These will not be aggrieved by anything that we have here written, and as for the musical men themselves, they will never read it, or, reading it, will not understand enough to be offended.

#### THE MOTIVES TO HUMAN CONDUCT.

IN a practical age the influence of ideas illogical in themselves, and appealing to a faculty which more frequently operates irrationally than otherwise, might be naturally supposed to be small. It would be fair to imagine that, during such an epoch, arguments would be rigorously tested by their intrinsic worth, and not by the effect they produce on the imagination; that opinions and causes would be estimated by the amount of verity they contain, irrespective of sentiment, private or public. Such, however, is not found to be the case. Most people are possessed of certain

abstractions which they call principles, and to these they commonly refer appeals made to their judgements. If these principles can be twisted or bent into yielding an affirmative to a proposition, it needs no intervention of reason to decide on its merits. We often hear it said, "He is a man of principles;" meaning that the individual referred to has certain just rules for the government of his conduct. It is supposed that personal feeling or interest will not bias the judgements of such a character. Yet, if we analyze the motives which make up any decision or action, we shall rarely find them composed of anything but personal feeling or interest. There is undoubtedly a sense of justice more or less developed in the mind of most well-conducted members of society, and which will find expression when it does not clash with private inclinations. Correctly speaking, the man of principles is he who lets himself be so far guided by this sense of justice that he will do nothing which may injure another, even to attain his own ends; apart from this, he is under the same influences which shape the actions of other men.

Reason, therefore, has less to do with human conduct than is commonly supposed. Indeed, we may well admire how little of the faculty is necessary to carry some men becomingly through life. The duties which society imposes do not demand much exertion. Consisting, as they do, of external ceremonies, ordinary natures are able to live up to them. It is not being found out which ostracizes an offender—most men are found out by the world before they die—but the offensive parade of his shortcomings which shocks the general sense of propriety. Taking a personal example, we may know A. to be a brute in domestic life, or B. to have a not very strict sense of commercial honor; but so long as the one lives in external harmony with his wife, and the other keeps within the legal limits in his dealings, we are willing to associate with them. These men have been found out by us long ago. We can see through the superficial respectability which the atmosphere of society confers on them; yet, notwithstanding, we accept them for what they seem. Now, if we analyze the motives which are at the bottom of this polite hypocrisy, we shall find them to be two-fold—the first excited indirectly by self-interest, or the desire to be on good terms with those who may be of service to us from their influence or standing in society; the second arising from the consciousness which every man has that his own arcana would not bear too close an investigation. In this respect, if in no other, we follow the golden rule. The follies and frailties of others are viewed by us with forbearance when they are "respectable," simply because we are ourselves selfish and frail. Once, however, let the offender overstep the line of decorum which society has drawn around him, and it relentlessly executes that edict of banishment which it seldom, if ever, rescinds. It is true this line of decorum varies for different individuals. Those who belong to the inner circle—the focus from which the Elysian light radiates—have naturally a wider orbit wherein to disport their caprices than those who hang on the outskirts. Yet even the chosen few must remain within their proper boundary; if they wander beyond it, they become as common clay.

It is hardly possible to estimate too highly the effect which this fear of ostracism has on the generality of mankind. With a certain class the hope and fear of future reward and punishment may have a strong governing influence, but the mass of men who belong to society, and who have positions in it more or less important, are little affected by such motives of action. Such an one is fully sensible of the obligations which his situation imposes on him. He is aware that he must obey certain rules instituted by the world to which he belongs, for the sake of its well-being and comfort; and he knows that should he refuse to do so he will forfeit the privilege its membership confers. These rules, moreover, are not very difficult to observe. They are purely formal, consisting of given ceremonies, not unlike those which the well-bred Chinaman goes through in his particular grade of mandarinship. They demand no great self-sacrifice, no fine sense of honor to distinguish them. Their observance confers large immunities, more, in a mundane sense, than are bestowed by any civil or religious association, but, unlike them, requiring very little in return. It is, perhaps, not astonishing, then, that for ordinary mortals, on whom the prospect of future raptures or torments do not operate as matters of absolute certainty, the fear of being expelled from this charmed circle should be a more effectual restraint than any moral law. Few, indeed, are heroic enough to perform an act dictated by their conscience which may lose for them the consideration of their

fellows. Fortunately, however, the social law is seldom at variance with the moral. Generally the one sympathizes with the other, and, if the interpretations of the former are more lax and it fails to yield an equal share of justice to all, it yet has a salutary influence in restraining human licentiousness. Meanwhile, until men come to be governed in their conduct by higher motives, and cease to be misled by mistaken theories of selfishness, they will require more demonstrative rules of life than abstract principles. Those which society imposes are dictated simply by expediency; they demand only an observance of the letter, and the spirit of wrong-doing goes scathless when they limit punishment to infractions of the semblance of decency, leaving the reality behind, whatever that may be, unnoticed and unrequited.

It is sometimes thought surprising that individuals whose position suggests the recognition of a higher moral standard should be most sensitive to the judgements of social law; but perhaps it is owing to their position that they are so. Society is wont to exact a more rigid observance from those who pretend that there is a better rule of life than the one by which it measures men and actions; and, unfortunately for the unrestricted expression of truth, public teachers of morality are usually dependent on the charity of the world for the means of living. There may not be much merit in candor where it is independent of the ill-will of others; but it becomes a virtue in one who forfeits through it his station or subsistence. The office of truth-teller and adviser demands an intimate knowledge of the human heart. To know how to reflect the weaknesses of the spectator without shocking his sensitiveness, and at the same time to produce an active perception of them in his mind; to oppose a cherished plan or recommend an unpalatable one, without being certain that the future will justify one's expectations—shows the possession of a more than ordinary amount of wisdom. The holder of such an office can appreciate better than any one else the importance which most people attach to certain conventionalities, and the danger of disregarding them. He knows that a respectable appearance is the social hallmark, and while possibly regretting the lowness of the standard of value, he is sensible of the privileges it confers.

#### GENIUS AND TALENT.

CRUDEN'S and Mrs. Cowden Clarke's *Concordances* show that in the Bible the word *genius* is never found, the word *talent* only as a measure of money; and that in Shakespeare *genius* (occurring but seven times) stands for guardian spirit or what is akin, and of the fourteen times that *talent* is read ten are in *Timon*, being there always used in the ancient Athenian sense, as a standard of money-value. In the prolific Elizabethan period, and for some time later, these two words had not set themselves into the important positions they have since held in the language. Important we call them, for the two express so much of the inward mysterious power and the varied aptitudes of the human mind that their suppression now were a laming of habitual utterance. Hence their so frequent use in criticism and conversation, and hence the endeavor of critics and aestheticians to define the meaning of each, and to distinguish the one from the other.

Genius is of the soul, talent of the understanding. Genius is warm, talent is passionless. Without genius there is no intuition, no inspiration; without talent, no execution. Genius is interior, talent exterior; hence genius is productive, talent accumulative. Genius invents, talent accomplishes. Genius gives the substance; talent works it up under the eye, or, rather, under the feeling of genius. Genius is emotional, talent intellectual; hence genius is creative, and talent instrumental. Genius has insight, talent only oversight. Genius is always calm, reserved, self-centred; talent is often bustling, officious, confident. Genius gives the impulse and aim as well as the illumination, talent the means and implements. Genius, in short, is the central, finer essence of the mind, the self-lighted fire, the intuitional gift. Talent gathers and shapes and applies what genius forges. Talent is ever approaching, and yet never reaches, that point whence genius starts. Genius is often entirely right, and is never wholly wrong; talent is never wholly right. Genius avails itself of all the capabilities of talent, appropriates to itself what suits and helps it. Talent can appropriate to itself nothing; for it has not the inward heat that can fuse all material, and assimilate all food, to convert it into blood; this only genius can do. Goethe was a man of genius and, at the same time, of im-



mense and varied talents; and no contemporary profited so much as he did by all the knowledges and discoveries and accumulations made by others. For full success the two, genius and talent, should co-exist in one mind in balanced proportions, as they did in Goethe's, so that they can play smoothly together in effective combination. In Walking Stewart, says De Quincey, genius was out of all proportion to talent, and thus wanted an organ for manifesting itself.

The work of the world, even the higher ranges, being done by talent, talent, backed by industry, is sure to achieve outward success. Commonplace is the smooth road on which are borne the freights that supply the daily needs of life. Genius, to be sure, as the originator of all appliances and aids and motions and improvements, is the parent of what is to-day common, of all that talent has turned to practical account; but genius, when it first exhibits itself, is as alarming and hateful to talent and routine as the first locomotives were to the drivers and horses of the mail-coach. Even on the highest plane of literature the poetical talent wins laurels more readily, and at first more abundantly, than genius. Scott and Moore were, by their contemporaries, much more valued as poets than Wordsworth and Coleridge. Scott and Moore were men of genius, but of far less genial insight than Wordsworth and Coleridge, and with more literary talent. Hence they were accessible to the many, and were by the semi-critics, men of mere talent, like Jeffrey and Gifford, absolutely as well as relatively overrated. Their genius gives liveliness to the commonplaces of feeling and adventure, a sheen to surfaces that were otherwise dull; but their pages lack the sparkle that issues out of recesses suddenly illuminated by imaginative collisions, a subtle, joyful blaze flashing up from new marriages between thought and sentiment—marriages that can only be consecrated by the high priests of thought, and which stand for ever inviolate, and for ever productive, in the best verses of Wordsworth and Coleridge.

Genius involves a more than usual susceptibility to divine promptings, a delicacy in spiritual auscultation, a quick obedience to the invisible helmsman; and these high superiorities imply fineness and fulness of organization. The man of genius is subject, says Joubert, to "transport, or rather rapture, of mind." In this exalted state he has glimpses of truths, beauties, principles, laws, that are new revelations, and bring additions to human power. Goethe might have been thinking of Kepler when he said, "Genius is that power of man which by thought and action gives laws and rules;" and Coleridge of Milton when he wrote, "The ultimate end of genius is ideal;" and Hegel may have had Michael Angelo in his mind when, in one of his chapters on the plastic arts, he affirms that "talent cannot do its part fully without the animation (*Beseelung*), the besouling, of genius." Schiller concludes an apostrophe to Columbus with these lines:

"Trust to the guiding God, follow the silent sea;  
Were not yet there the shore, 'twould now rise from the wave;  
For Nature is to Genius linked eternally,  
And ever will perform the promise genius gave."

#### ETHICS FOR "OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTORS."

BY ONE OF THEM.

SYDNEY SMITH said that every man fancied that he could do three things, at least—drive a gig, manage a farm, and edit a newspaper. This delusion (with respect to journalism especially) is wide-spread, if it is not universal, among educated men. And yet there is nothing more difficult to do conscientiously and well, nothing that needs more careful study, than the composition even of occasional contributions to the press. It is a more difficult task than to write a book of ethics, or an essay in a quarterly review, or a pamphlet, or a speech. Why?

Before answering the question, let me say a few words about these different forms of communication with the public. Having used them all (with the exception of the quarterlies), and examined the ethics that belong to each form, I shall draw what I have to say rather from experience in the sanctorium than theorizing in the study.

A book is the simplest form of composition. If you have a thought to utter, you should express it, if you write a book, in your own language, without modification, without mental reservation, without a fear of offending anyone, and without taking into your counsel the prejudices of your readers. In a book or pamphlet you address your own audience from your own platform; and the public have a perfect protection against your abuse of their courtesy or patience. They can close your book, or burn it. Morally, in a

pamphlet or a book, you have no right to compromise with your audience. If you have a handful of truth, throw all of it among the people; and be theirs, not yours, the responsibility of rejection.

The same rule holds good in delivering a speech, if you address your own audience or attract it without artifice. But if you accept an invitation to address an audience not your own, quite another rule applies. For instance, if I am a Baptist preacher and exchange pulpits with a Methodist, I am not justified if I "fail to preach the whole gospel," because that is the duty of all the Christian clergy; but neither am I to be justified if I leave the broad arena in which all the evangelical churches move in harmony, and enforce the peculiar doctrines which distinguish my own denomination. Neither, if I accept an invitation to write for a Baptist religious journal, would I be justified in advocating, either directly or covertly, religious doctrines at variance with its creed. Without an explicit understanding to the contrary, I am bound to limit my expression of ideas to some of the innumerable topics that exist outside of our theological divergences.

As for quarterlies, it is useless to waste time on them. Their day is past. They are stage-coaches in an era of locomotives, and the expertest driving is thrown away on them. Even Lowell and Parton cannot make *The North American* a lucrative investment. Let us return, then, to the newspaper; and, to limit our topic still further, to the weekly press.

It is more difficult to be a conscientious occasional contributor to a weekly paper than to be an author or an editor. I mean—let this be understood clearly—to a man who is in earnest; who writes not for pay only, or chiefly, but for the purpose of impressing his ideas on his generation. It is more difficult as a mere literary task as well as in view of the moral obligation imposed on every writer for the press.

The great secret of successful newspaper writing consists largely in the mastery of the difficult arts of beginning and leaving off. To excel you must write an article as you take a plunge bath in winter—jump in, all over, instantly, and out again, and off, without wasting a second or a syllable. It seems an easy thing to do. One gets little credit for doing it. But it takes years to learn the art. It is wearying to the mind and body both—at least, if you invest ideas in your writings.

Now, a book is like a warm bath—you may stay in it as long as you please. You may indulge in pre-faces, appendices, notes, and digressions without number—any one of which inserted in an article, and submitted to an editor, would send your contribution to the waste-basket.

To the primal direction of "quick in and quick out," I may give one other literary hint to occasional writers. An article should be like a sonnet—perfect in itself, short, and expressing a single idea clearly. If your subject is a fruitful one, select the strategic points only, and mercifully sacrifice all the others. In a sermon or a lyceum lecture or a pamphlet you may occupy a field; but in a newspaper article you can only hope to seize the important points. Strike out and strike out until these alone remain. It is a hard thing to do; but when you once learn what *not* to say, your apprenticeship ends. I have found that the best rule to adopt in learning this art is to begin by striking out every pet phrase, every ornamental word, and in general everything that you consider *absolutely essential* to your article! It is the apprentice who believes that it is the thunder that kills and the polished grate that gives out heat. He discovers, after a painful experience of rejected and condensed contributions founded on this theory, that it is lightning that destroys and coal that warms one.

But it is not the lack of skill that makes occasional contributions to the press a more difficult duty than authorship or editorial cares. An editor, like an author, takes his own view of men, affairs, and institutions; and whatever is hostile to it, or does not fit in the main fit in with it, he rejects. This is the common theory of the editor's duty. He is ranked according to his ability to select, judge, and handle men and topics, rather than by his own individual powers as a writer. Many of the ablest editors in America never write an article for their own journals.

But an occasional contributor, in order to be just to all men, must often sink his own personality. He must learn to talk in the tongue of classes to which he does not as an individual belong.

Mark me, no man is justified in writing a single syllable that he does not fully believe. He who does so is a mere Swiss of the pen, a mercenary, a hireling—fit no longer to be ranked among honorable public teachers, but only with those lawyers who take

fees from every client that offers, and defend this their personal degradation by professional precedents and precepts equally ignominious. In whatever sphere of life a man is found, it is demanded of him that he shall be true to himself—to his highest nature—that neither for bread nor honors nor power nor fees shall he sell his own soul.

Let me illustrate what I mean by "speaking other tongues."

If I am asked to write for any paper, editorially—that is anonymously—it is my first duty to learn its language; or to *examine its scales*. To convey precisely the same idea, I must use more emphatic words in one newspaper than I would be justified in employing in another journal. Strains, both of praise and blame, should be pitched on the key-note; that is, they should harmonize with the general tone of the paper for which you write. As examples are always better than precepts, I will illustrate my meaning by taking a new book—say, Mrs. Stowe's volume of recent poems.

If I were asked to prepare a notice of it in a paper that praised inferior poems, I could conscientiously write:

"Mrs. Stowe has shown in these poems that she possesses a high idea of poetic talent. Her ability displayed in this style of composition, if less eminent than in romance, is still commanding and undeniable."

And with equal sincerity, in a journal of a higher character, I would write:

"Mrs. Stowe displays decided talent in this as in other forms of composition. But she is not a poet. As a novelist her genius had free range and was resplendent; as a poet her flight is self-fettered, and her song, never thrilling, is sometimes almost feeble."

Put the first of these criticisms in the second journal, or the second in the first journal, and they would be ungenerous or unjust; but, published in the papers for which each was written, they express expressly the same opinion—however conflicting they may appear at first sight to be.

Just as, when a quiet old gentleman says that it is "rather a wet day," and a young, enthusiastic lady exclaims that it is "a perfectly awful shower," although their language is seemingly conflicting, they mean the same thing; so, in order to be either just to his own ideas or to other men, the occasional contributor, before engaging to write regularly for any journal, should make a serious study of its style.

This obligation does not become so imperative when he is allowed to use a distinctive mark to distinguish his contributions, although, even in that case, he must learn to abate, in some degree, his personal characteristics of style, if they are at variance with the ordinary tone of the journal.

None but professional and conscientious writers ever think of this duty. If I have succeeded in showing that it *is* a duty, I shall have done no small service, I think, in correcting an evil which leads to a great confusion of ideas in regard to men and measures among the vast classes whose opinions are created by the weekly press. For example, *The Atlantic*, which sometimes forgets this duty, or neglects it, will occasionally, in an elaborate article, criticise with a masterly hand the first authors of the age, pointing out grave defects in their noblest productions, and in the same number one will find from another pen an inferior work, by a writer of far lower rank, praised without adequate discrimination. To the non-professional reader this leads to a hopeless "muddle of mind." What! does Tennyson, then, he will ask, abound in defects, and is Muggins entitled to this delicious praise? Many readers will think so; and knowledge thereby will not be increased.

This rule that I have laid down—for the first time in public print, I believe—applies equally to praise or blame in criticisms of our public men and measures. I would criticise my favorite statesman freely, for instance, in a journal which did justice to his grand traits of character, and his great services to his country; but would rather that my hand should wither than contribute the same article to a newspaper that is always hostile to him. Why? Because in the first journal my criticism would lead the reader to contemplate the whole man; but in the second it would only confirm prejudice, and prevent the reader from seeing the noble patriot as he is. I have given examples enough to illustrate my idea; let me add a single limitation. The occasional writer is not bound to agree, either on the whole or at all, with the tone of the paper for which he writes, on subjects outside of his own class of themes. I may be a thorough free-trader, and write

for *The Tribune* in favor of free soil; I may be a radical in politics, and write for *The New York Herald* in favor of the Cretan revolutionists; I may be in favor of electing Mr. Seymour our President, and write for *The New York Times* in favor of the poor of the Five Points, and yet be, not merely not inconsistent, but permanently consistent. I regard every newspaper as a platform, from which one may speak in favor of the right. If any editor gives me a portion of his space, I take it and use it for progress and justice for some class or cause; but I am not accountable for the improper use that he may make of his own rights. My duty is done when my own word is uttered.

Again, moral consistency does not require that a writer for the press should insist on the presentation of all his thought, or none. I am willing to open three fingers if I cannot open my whole hand. If a journal is only travelling in the right direction, a wise man will not quarrel at its gait. Friendly aid will hasten its steps by-and-by, while hostile comments might arrest them.

But the vision of an erasive editor has just risen from my ink-bottle; and so I must bring my pen to an instant halt.

# SPECIMENS OF OLD ENGLISH POETRY.\*

## II.

WHEN we come to speak of the early poetry of any country our minds immediately revert to Greece and her Athena-like productions. Compared with these everything seems imperfect and fragmentary, dull and grotesque. Even a fragment of a Greek lyric poem at once suggests the whole whereof it is a fragment, and leaves us with a sense of completeness. An Old English poem, on the contrary, even when complete, always comes before us as a congeries of fragments, which stand in a connection by no means necessary or æsthetic. The chronicles are epics, without beginning or plot or termination; in fact, school histories turned into verse more or less indifferent; bare compendia of facts requiring the aid of verse to keep them from deserved oblivion, enlivened however, at times, by anecdotes of a grotesque character, or by startling pieces of mythology. When, for example, in the *Brut* of Layamon, Vortiger questions Hængest about his religion, the reply, though by no means deficient in historical interest, is grotesque enough:

We habbeð godes gode,  
þe we luicē on ure mode,  
þa we habbeð hope to,  
and heoreð heom mid mihte.  
þe an hæchte Phebus;  
þe oðer Saturnus;  
þe þridde hæchte Woden,  
þat is weoli godd;  
þe feorðe hæchte Jupiter,  
of alle thinge he is whar;  
þe fiftte hæchte Mercurius,  
þat is þe hæchste ouer us;  
þa seaxte hæchte Appollin,  
þat is a godd wel idon;  
þe seouðe hætte Teruagant,  
an hæch godd in ure lond.  
Get we habbeð anne laeuedi  
þe hæch is and maecti;  
heh heo is and hali,  
hired-men heo luicē for þi:  
heo is ihate Fraea.  
wel ha heom dihteð.  
Ah for alle ure goden deore  
þa we scullen haeren,  
Woden hehde þa hæchste lage  
an ure aelderne daegen;  
he heom was leof  
æfne al swa heore lif,  
he wes heore waldend,  
and heom wurðscipe duden;  
þene feorðe daei i þere wike  
heo gifuen him to wurðscipe.  
þa þunre heo giuen þunres daei,  
for þi þat heo heom helpenmaei;  
Freon, heore laefdi,  
heo giuen heore fridaei;  
Saturnus heo giuen sæctterdaei;  
þene Sunne heo giuen sonedaei;  
Monen heo gifuen monedaei;  
Tidea heo geuen tidaei."

Vortiger, who is a Christian, answers in a highly characteristic manner:

"Cnihtes ge beoð me leofne,  
ah þas tūende me beoð laðe;  
couwer ileuen beoð unwaeste,  
ge ne ilcoueð noht an Criste,  
ah ze ilcoueð a þene wurse,  
þe godd seolf awariede;  
coure godes ne beoð nohtes,  
in helle heo niðer liggeð."

Ah neoðeles ich wulle eou at-hælde  
an mine anwalde,  
for norð beoð þa Peohtes,  
swiðe ohte cnihtes,  
þe ofte ledeð on mine londre  
forðe swiðe stronge,  
and ofte doð me mucpele scome,  
and þeore ich habbe grome.  
And gif ge me wulleð wræken,  
and heore hæfden me bigeten,  
ich eou wullen geuen lond,  
mucel seoluer and gold."

One wonders whether the author of this passage was conscious of the grim humor that runs through it, or whether he looked upon Vortiger's conduct as simply a matter of course. In either case there is something eminently Saxon in the words of this Celt, his sorrow for the heresy, or rather the paganism, of the Saxons, and the readiness with which, nevertheless, he resolves upon engaging their services. Religion and practicality side by side, straightforward speech, and an eye for an opportunity are the characteristics of the Saxons to this day. The story of Vortiger and Rouenne is told with all the realism of a chronicle; yet without any of that coarseness which disfigures so many of the works of later times.

The extract from Layamon in the volume before us is taken from the valuable edition of the *Brut* by Sir F. Madden, in which the older and the newer versions of the chronicle are printed in parallel columns, affording the reader an admirable opportunity of judging what changes the English language underwent in the intervening short period. The older version contains about fifty words of French origin; of these the more recent drops about twenty but adds forty others, so that it contains about seventy in all. The former appears to belong to about the year 1200; the latter may be assigned to the middle of the following century. Both appear to be later than the *Ormulum*, which, though employing a disintegrated Saxon, shows few, if any, traces of French influence, either in subject, versification, or vocabulary. The *Ormulum*, whereof the only extant manuscript seems to be the author's original, is a series of homilies written by a monk named Orm, who appears to have lived somewhere in the North of England. The most remarkable features of the work are its very regular and peculiar orthography and its smooth versification. The principle of marking a short syllable by a reduplication of its final consonant is here uniformly carried out—sometimes with rather an odd effect to the eye. For example:

"Ic hæfe sett her o þiss boc  
Amang Goddspelles wordess,  
All þurh meselfenn manig word  
þe rime swa to fillenn;  
Acc þu shalt findenn þat min word  
Eggwhær þær itt iss ekedd,  
Magg heelpenn þa þatt redenn itt  
To sen aand tunderstaundenn  
All þess to bettre hu þeggm birrþ.  
þe Goddspell understaundenn."

This affords a fair specimen of the metre, and states what must in many cases have been the sole aim of writers of metrical homilies.

To about the same period as the above must belong *The Owl and the Nightingale*, part of which has been rendered accessible to the American public in Marsh's *Origin and History of the English Language*. In 1,792 lines it contains only about twenty words of French origin. The metre is a somewhat irregular, frequently hypercatalectic, iambic dimeter. Passing over a metrical *Creed*, *Pater Noster*, etc., and a poem called *Gaudia*, of rather remarkable versification, we come to two *Hymns to the Virgin*, whose musical flow would not disgrace even Mr. Swinburne's muse. We give the first verse of each, calling attention to the pleasing effect of the Latin phrases introduced in the former:

- (1.) "Of on that is so fayr and bright  
velut maris stella,  
Brighter than the day is ligt  
parens et puella:  
Ic crie to the, thou se to me,  
Levedy, preyre thi sone for me,  
tam pia  
That ic mote come to the  
Maria."
- (2.) "Blessed beo thu, lavedi,  
ful of hovenne blisse,  
Swete flur of parais,  
moder of miltennisse.  
Thu praye Jhesu Crist thi sone  
that he me i-wisse,  
Thare a londe al swo ihc beo  
that he me ne i-misse."

These hymns are followed by a *Bestiary*, a species of literature peculiar, we believe, to the middle ages, though it is evident from a passage which Mr. Mätzner quotes from Epiphanius that the idea was already

familiar to the early Greek fathers. A *bestiary* contains descriptions of a number of animals, together with a symbolic interpretation of the fabulous characteristics ascribed to them. There are still extant *bestiaries* in Greek, Latin, French, Saxon, English, and other languages. The most remarkable is that of Philippe de Thaun, written in Norman French; it was published in 1841 by Wright, in his *Popular Treatises on Science written during the Middle Ages*, along with the same author's *Livre des Creatures*. The *bestiary* may be considered as the first rough sketch of a natural theology. It is a protest, though a very rude one, against the idea that anything "walks with aimless feet." Will our modern poetic apotheosis of inanimate nature ever seem as ludicrous as do now the *bestiaries* of our ancestors? Following the *Bestiary* is an extract from a metrical paraphrase of *Genesis and Exodus*, apparently by the same author. Both belong to about the middle of the thirteenth century, and do not contain more than fifty words of Latin or French origin. The paraphrase is rather remarkable for its smooth versification—rhymed iambic dimeter—but is in other respects an inferior production, in no way comparable to the Saxon paraphrase of Cædmon.

*The Debate of the Body and the Soul*, of which a portion is quoted by Marsh (*Orig. and Hist. of the Eng. Lang.*, pp. 240-1), is here given entire with a long and very interesting introduction. Marsh says of it: "Its dialect is grammatically more modern than that of almost any English writer before the time of Chaucer." On this Mätzner remarks:

"We consider this a mistake. Although the writer of the *Land MS.* is far from adhering to a uniform orthography, the traces of an antiquated language are not effaced. We frequently meet here, as in the *Ormulum*, in the *Bestiary*, in the *Genesis and Exodus*, as well as in the prose of the *Ancren Riwle*, etc., with initial *th* instead of *the*, and the dentals and *z*; that *ton* 133, 245, 454, held *ton* 195, as *tonig* 36, as *ton* 157, was *tin* 152. As in *Genesis and Exodus*, and other remains of the same period, he appears in the nominative plural: 249, 425, 428, 466, 470. In common with Orm, the author uses *was* for the 2d pers. sing. of the past indic.: 60, 203, 256; but also *were* (*gewere*) 81, whereas in other cases the *t* of the 2d pers. is dropped only when it is followed immediately by *ton*, *tonig*, *thoug*. It is true that the Romance element is represented by upward of sixty words; but these are for the most part nouns—substantives with a few adjectives: the verbs amount to only ten in number: *þayg* 6, *i-þeynted* 27, *sewen* 57 (*sewed* 462), *þrey* 83 (*þreige* 330), *þreche* 93, 330, *chaunced* 141, *quite* 202, *soffrid* 227, *engine* 250, *bate* 333, the majority of which are among those which first found their way into the language."

This gives some idea of the manner and the minuteness of Mätzner's criticism. *The Debate of the Body and the Soul* is a purely Saxon production. There may be found a poem of similar import, strongly resembling it, in Grein's *Bibliothek der angelsächsischen Poesie*, Vol. I., pp. 198-204. Both poems are exceedingly interesting psychologically. In reading either of them one never fails to have the grave-digger scene in *Hamlet* before his eyes. Shakespeare, the most universal of men hitherto, was a Saxon to the very core. All the sadness of death, all its unloveliness, was continually before his mind. It came not to him as it did to the Greek, in the guise of a beautiful youth with inverted torch (see Lessing, *Wie die Alten den Tod gebildet*); it came as a sheeted skeleton gibbering hideously. Hamlet the Dane is Shakespeare the Saxon, fond of considering too curiously.

*Dame Siriz*, which shows only about thirty-five words of French origin, is a story whose original source seems to have been in India. Having found its way into Europe through the medium of the Jewish mediæval literature, it was worked up in various forms in several languages. It relates how a married woman was brought to yield to the wishes of a priest through the intervention of a panderess, who, taking a dog and administering a dose of mustard to him, and throwing pepper in his eyes until they ran down with tears, persuaded the woman that this animal was her (the panderess') daughter, who had been metamorphosed for rejecting the proposals of a priest. The poem is very strongly Chaucerian in tone.

Omitting *Judas*, a curious legend; *A Sarmun*, written in strophes of four lines, rhyming alternately; *XV. Signa ante Judicium*, *The Fall and the Passion*, *The Ten Commandments*, we come to *The Vox and the Wolf*, one of the very few examples in Early English of anything like a *Thiersage*. In his valuable introduction to it Mätzner says:

"It is worthy of remark that the animal-myth never met with much favor in England; for this reason the present piece must be looked upon as one of the chief evidences of its existence in England previously to the fifteenth century." If the English had few *Thiersagen*, it is plain that they had at least one good one; for few things could be more funny than the wolf's shrift in the *Vox and the Wolf*. The plot of the story is this: A fox, driven by the pangs of hunger and thirst, goes up to a monastery, and finds his way, through a breach in the wall, into the barnyard. Failing to entice a rooster down from the top of a hay-

\* Altenglische Sprachproben. Nebst einem Wörterbuche. Unter Mitwirkung von Karl Goldbeck; herausgegeben von Eduard Mätzner. Erster Band: Sprachproben. Erste Abtheilung: Poesie. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung; New York: L. W. Schmidt. 1867.



stack, he proceeds to the well in order to quench his thirst.

"Two boketes ther he founde,  
That other wende to the grounde,  
That wen me shulde that op-winde,  
That other wolde a-doun winde.  
He ne hounderstod nout of the *ginne*,<sup>1</sup>  
Ac nom that boket, and *lopp* therinne,  
For he hopede i-nou to drinke:  
This boket beginneth to sinke."

Down goes the bucket, and the fox finds himself in a fine plight. As he is weeping and bemoaning his fate a wolf, "out of the depe wode," comes to the well and recognizes his old friend at the bottom. A friendly conversation begins, in which the fox gives the wolf to understand that he is in "the blisse of paradiis." The wolf, knowing nothing of his friend's decease, questions him on the subject. This gives renard an occasion to expatiate on the sufferings of earth and the joys of heaven, which he does with all the unctio imaginable. The wolf naturally grows eager to share in bliss which seems so near and so easy of attainment, and asks the fox to let him come down. Hereupon we have the following inimitable conversation:

"Ge," quod the vox, "were thou *i-riue*?<sup>2</sup>  
And *sunnan hevedest* al forsake,  
And to klene life i take,<sup>3</sup>  
Ich wolde *biddē* for the  
That thou shouldest comen to me.  
"To *wom schuldich*,"<sup>4</sup> the wolfe seide,  
"Ben i-knowe" of mine misdeide  
Her nis nothing alive,  
That me *kouthē her* nou srive  
Thou havest ben ofte min *i-ferē*,<sup>5</sup>  
Wiltou nou mi srist *i-herē*,<sup>6</sup>  
And al mi luf i shal the telle?  
"Nay," quod the vox, "i nelle."<sup>7</sup>  
"Nellou,"<sup>8</sup> quod the wolfe, "thin ore,"<sup>9</sup>  
Ich am *afingret swithe*<sup>10</sup> sore;  
Ich wot to-nicht ich *worthe ded*,<sup>11</sup>  
Bote<sup>12</sup> thou do me soume *reed*.<sup>13</sup>  
For Cristes love, be mi prest.  
The wolfe *hey*<sup>14</sup> a-doun his brest,  
And *gon*<sup>15</sup> to *siken*<sup>16</sup> harde and stronge.  
"Woltou," quod the vox, "srist *ouderfonge*,"<sup>17</sup>  
Tell thine *sunnan, on and on*,<sup>18</sup>  
That ther *bileve*<sup>19</sup> never on.  
"Some," quod the wolfe, "wel i *faie*,"<sup>20</sup>  
Ich habbe ben *gued*<sup>21</sup> al mi lif-daie;  
Ich habbe widewe *hore*,<sup>22</sup>  
Therefore ich fare the wors.  
A thousent shep ich habbe abiten,  
And *mo*,<sup>23</sup> gif hy weren i-writen.  
Ac hit me *of-thinket*<sup>24</sup> sone.  
Maister, shall I tellen more?  
"Ge," quod the vox, "al thou most *sugge*,"<sup>25</sup>  
O*her*<sup>26</sup> elles-wer thou most *abugge*.<sup>27</sup>  
"Gossip," quod the wolfe, "forget hit me,  
Ich habbe ofte *schid quod bi*,"<sup>28</sup> the  
Men seide, that thou on thine *live*.<sup>29</sup>  
Misferdest mid mine wive;  
Ich the *aperseivede one stounde*,<sup>30</sup>  
And in bedde to *gedere on* founde.  
Ich wes ofte *on*<sup>31</sup> full *ney*,<sup>32</sup>  
And in bedde to *gedere on sey*.<sup>33</sup>  
Ich *wende*, al to *othre doth*.<sup>34</sup>  
That ich *i-seie were soth*,<sup>35</sup>  
And therefore thou were me *loth*.<sup>36</sup>  
Gode gossip ne be thou *nouht wroth*.  
"Vuolf," quod the vox him *tho*,<sup>37</sup>  
"Al that thou havest her *bifore i-do*,"<sup>38</sup>  
In thohut, in speche, and in dede,  
In euche othres *cunnes quede*,  
Ich the *forgeve at thisse nede*.  
"Crist the *forgele*!" the wolfe seide,  
"Nou ich am in *clene live*,  
Ne recche ich of *childe ne of wive*.  
Ac sei me wat I shal do,  
And *ou*<sup>39</sup> ich may comen the to."

The rest of the story is easily divided. The wolf, by the fox's advice, gets into the bucket at the top of the well; as the wolf goes down the fox ascends. As they pass each other—

"Gossip," quod the wolfe, "wat non?  
Wat<sup>40</sup> havest thou i-munt, weder wolt thou?  
"Weder ich wille?" the vox seide,  
"Ich will oup, so God me rede!  
And nou go doun, with thi *meel*,"<sup>41</sup>  
Thi *bigete worth*<sup>42</sup> wel smal.  
Ac ich am therof glad and blithe,  
That thou art *nemen*<sup>43</sup> to *clene live*.  
Thi soul-*cun*<sup>44</sup> ich wile do ringe,  
And masse for thine soule singe."

The wolf, left in the well, is found there in the morning by a monk who comes to draw water. On an alarm being given, the whole brotherhood rush out with "pikes, and staves, and stones," and put an end to the unfortunate dupe's life. There are several hiatuses in this poem which Mätzner does not seem to have observed.

<sup>1</sup> Device. <sup>2</sup> Leapt. <sup>3</sup> Shripen. <sup>4</sup> Sins hadst. <sup>5</sup> Taken. <sup>6</sup> Pray.  
<sup>7</sup> Whom should I. <sup>8</sup> Confess. <sup>9</sup> Could here. <sup>10</sup> Companion. <sup>11</sup> Hear.  
<sup>12</sup> Will not. <sup>13</sup> With thou not. <sup>14</sup> Grace. <sup>15</sup> Hungered very. <sup>16</sup> Might die.  
<sup>17</sup> Unless. <sup>18</sup> Counsel. <sup>19</sup> Dowed. <sup>20</sup> Begun. <sup>21</sup> Might. <sup>22</sup> Receive.  
<sup>23</sup> One by one. <sup>24</sup> Remain. <sup>25</sup> Willingly. <sup>26</sup> Evil. <sup>27</sup> Curse. <sup>28</sup> More.  
<sup>29</sup> Repenteth. <sup>30</sup> Say. <sup>31</sup> Or. <sup>32</sup> Pay. <sup>33</sup> Said ill of. <sup>34</sup> Life. <sup>35</sup> Time.  
<sup>36</sup> You. <sup>37</sup> You. <sup>38</sup> Nigh. <sup>39</sup> Saw. <sup>40</sup> Supposed, as others do. <sup>41</sup> What I saw was true.  
<sup>42</sup> Hated. <sup>43</sup> Then. <sup>44</sup> Done. <sup>45</sup> How. <sup>46</sup> Why. <sup>47</sup> Meal.  
<sup>48</sup> Earnings will be. <sup>49</sup> Betaken. <sup>50</sup> Knell.

## REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

## KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.\*

THOSE surprising Pre-Raphaelite pictures of daisies and roses, in which microscopic touches have fixed every petal, every vein in a leaf, every tint and hue, absolutely faithful to nature, but which at a moderate distance suggest nothing more strongly than a square from a faded calico bed-quilt—these are the nearest counterparts we can think of to Mr. Kinglake's volumes. Laboriously working out every detail, leaving not a sentence or a clause which he could have wrought to a higher perfection and polish, nor a word which he has not delicately weighed and fitted to its place, he has yet given us a narrative which is as much inferior in life and vivacity to those which our war correspondents used to dash off on a drum-head by the light of a camp fire, as is one of the five years' works in Pre-Raphaelite daisies to such a half-suggested memorandum sketch as John Leech used instantaneously to jot down in his pocket-book for subsequent reproduction in *Punch*. Of words, of style, of the art of discriminating between the most bewilderingly numerous and conflicting statements, and disposing in proper relation and sequence the facts into which his patient perception has decomposed and recombined them, he is a consummate master. The five years' interval between the first instalment of his work and the present one, which might almost be accounted for by the immense masses of testimony which have gone into its composition, might likewise, almost independently, be explained by the richness of the product, solid with logical thought, encrusted with epigrammatical felicities, showing throughout its whole structure such compact intellectual wealth as could afford to adorn a sentence with what might have sufficed another for the decoration of a chapter,—so that we find no need of recourse to the suggestion which has been propounded in England, that the non-publication of the story of the Light Brigade until its leader was in his grave has been in consequence of Lord Cardigan's threat to blow out the author's brains in the event of provocation, which could scarcely be more galling than that we find here.

Mr. Kinglake's style and his mode of narration constitute so unusual a proportion of the individuality of his book, and are so wholly heterogeneous, that it is impossible not to dwell upon them, both as features from which the reader's mind finds it impossible to wander, and as essential causes of some of his merits as well as of his faults as a historian. Style is usually superficial and incidental: with Mr. Kinglake it is the substratum. We have already mentioned its deliberate precision. It is not only that each word has been picked and chosen, measured, gauged, weighed, and fitted into the place prepared for it; but the reader is not permitted to forget that this has been done. Having produced the precise shade of meaning he desired, Mr. Kinglake intends that there shall be no doubt about it, and that his reader shall be held to the strictest construction and allowed not the slightest latitude of interpretation. When, for instance, on one occasion, and that no very important one, he says that "Prince Murtshikoff . . . apparently had despatched no orders or directions of any kind," he is impelled to attach this foot-note, in which our own italics are employed to call attention to the full extent of the writer's caution: "I think I might have almost ventured to leave out the 'apparently'; for, although the narratives of Gortschakoff and Kvetzinski do not in terms declare that they received no orders, the tenor of their statements is *all but equivalent to actual* assertion." Nor is the amount of examination and balancing revealed in this justification of a single word at all an exaggeration of the care with which Mr. Kinglake, at every point, has fortified himself against error and criticism; and as it would be an almost superhuman exercise of forbearing self-content to refrain from all exposition of this laboriously wrought impregnability, the number of words involved by this one peculiarity is very great. His reader finds it hard to believe that he had not himself in mind when he wrote of Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "Every judgement which he pronounced was enfolded in words so complete as to exclude the idea that it could ever be varied; and to convey therefore the idea of duration." Beyond doubt, the mind derives gratification, as well as discipline and profit, by contact with this very nearly mathematical completeness. But then the immediate

\* *The Invasion of the Crimea: its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By Alexander William Kinglake. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.

prime object of history is to impart information, not to please the logical or aesthetic perceptions; and Mr. Kinglake's plan of giving not merely his results, but also the manner of their manufacture, is as if the maker of logarithmic tables were to insist upon our taking, along with his decimals, the formulas and arithmetical processes whereby he had arrived at them. Among the consequences of this mode of workmanship is that the discouragingly closely printed volume, of over six hundred pages, into which the American publishers have succeeded in crowding the two corresponding big English volumes, covers a period of but thirty-five days, in which the only event of really first-rate and absorbing interest detailed to us is the battle of Balaklava;—that, again, in the account of that battle 52 of the capacious pages are given to the description of the charge of the Heavy Brigade under Gen. Scarlett, which lasted eight minutes, and 154 pages to the incidents attending the famous charge of the Light Brigade under Lord Cardigan, as to whose actual duration we have the testimony of that officer, "Twenty minutes being the time occupied in the affair, and the distance a mile and a quarter at the least, gives eight minutes for the advance, eight minutes for the retreat, and only four minutes for fighting or collision with the enemy." Upon the reader of Mr. Kinglake's description in either instance the impression is as of a fight of hours, and is neither more vivid nor more enduring, in the case of the ordinary unscientific reader at least, than the accounts of battles which used to be written for *The New York Times*, for example, on a tenth or twentieth of the scale. The proportion was fixed while the war was nearer to the reader and subtended a larger angle in the eye of the imagination than it does to-day, and before it had been dwarfed by the many greater subsequent wars, beside which it stands as a pigmy. To this cause—which must operate still more strongly with later volumes,—as well as to the nature of the topics with which it now has to do, Mr. Kinglake's book, we fancy, will have a less and less hold on the mind of the public, and this in no long time will become infinitely reduced.

Complaints of this prolixity have in part formed the burden of most of the English reviews which were to us at first the *avant coureurs* of the still unrepublished second part of the work,—and quite naturally, because, while we are not prepared to say that Mr. Kinglake betrays any falling off in power or any increasing tendency to wordiness, it was not this time in his theme to unfold any such startling episodes as before challenged the attention of men,—the Anglo-Franco-Russo-Turkish diplomacy at Constantinople, the vitriolic etching of the French Emperor's conspiracies and *coup d'état*, or the audacious iconoclasm which assailed that revered idol of the average Englishman, *The Times*. Therefore to his countrymen Mr. Kinglake's wordiness is at present the salient feature of his work, varied only by questions of fact in points of little moment in themselves and of none at all on this side the water. But parallel to this, and quite as characteristic, is a never ceasing undertone that English ears would greet unconsciously, and ours with a perhaps morbid acuteness, but which at any rate deserves to be dwelt upon with an elaboration that does not comport with the scope of this article. This is the immense aptitude and appetite of the true Briton for self-adulation. Not that any of us who have memories of Fourth of July and Congressional oratory could gravely maintain that the Mother country had imparted nothing of the nature of self-esteem to her Western offspring—but at least there is no race of men, not even our Celestial allies, in whom is implanted so sublime an assurance of their own eminent superiority in the eyes of gods and men. The intense national conviction that whatever is foreign is consequently ludicrous, that by comparison with anything which is English anything which is not so is *ipso facto* pitiful or funny, finds complete expression in Mr. Kinglake's pages, and never more clearly than when he patronizingly records the exploits of England's allies, with a sense that they were very well indeed—for foreigners. His admiration of the English minister at Constantinople seemed to culminate when he came upon that nobleman's frigid deference to "what Lord Stratford, in his haughty and almost zoological way, liked to call 'French feelings of honor.'" The highest praise he can bring himself to award the French Emperor is that "for months and months together he was able to live amongst English sporting-men without incurring disgrace." His way of stating the exceptional trustworthiness of Austrian diplomats is, "To undertake to disbelieve a statesman of the Court of Vienna is the same thing as to under-



take to disbelieve an English gentleman." Cannon of English manufacture are apparently of more moment in his estimation than Turkish allies, for when, at Balaklava, thousands of Russians swarmed into the English redoubts and slaughtered 170 out of the 500 or 600 Turks who defended them, the historian's sympathy is chiefly "that our cavalry must . . . endure to see English guns captured,"—mark the order—"must suffer our Allies to be slaughtered without striking a blow to defend them;" and when the Turks had been falsely charged with cowardice in the matter and there was "an attempt on the part of one of the hapless Turkish commanders to have justice done to his people," Mr. Kinglake is content to account for its failure by showing that "probably the remonstrant did not know how to state a fact in such a way as to obtain for it any real access to the European mind." The notion that Frenchmen, even French allies, were entitled to common consideration, Mr. Kinglake would probably regard as wildly preposterous. Nothing could be more marked than the contrast between his studious abstinence from anything offensive toward an English officer—witness especially the sedulously guarded terms under which his bitternesses against the Earls of Lucan and Cardigan are concealed—and the wanton taunts thrown at the French. An imputation of untruth against Englishmen would be quite out of the question with him, but it is evidently with pleasure that he observes of a passage in one of the French accounts that "this statement [is not] altogether without something like a basis of truth." General Canrobert is sneeringly introduced as "the most successful of respondents to school and college questions." When Marshal St. Arnaud seeks an interview with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and Lord Raglan concerning his proposed command of Turkish troops, Mr. Kinglake tells with extreme satisfaction what a snubbing he received, under guise of a "welcome such as the great Eltchi [Lord S. de R.] would be sure to give to one who (for imperative reasons of state) was to be treated as his honored guest, but who was also a vain mortal, pretending to the command of an Ottoman army, and daring to come with his plot avowed into the very presence of an English ambassador."

Having himself this contemptuous estimate of the French, Mr. Kinglake would naturally regard it as by no means matter for reproach against Lord Raglan—to whom he pays something of that ludicrously exaggerated homage which, like all Englishmen, he professes for the Duke of Wellington—that he should deport himself toward his allies with a degree of superciliousness which, to us, seems so lacking in frankness as to border upon disloyalty. On the eve of the battle of the Alma, Marshal St. Arnaud got himself up from a sick bed, sought out the commander of the English forces, and attempted to concert with him the plan of the next day's operations. Lord Raglan "sat quiet, with governed features, restraining—or only, perhaps, postponing—his smiles; listening graciously, assenting, or not dissenting, putting forward no plan of his own, and, in short, eluding discussion. This method, perhaps, was instinctive with him; but, in his intercourse with the French, he followed it deliberately and upon system." Such a practice, we should think, would amply justify a French general in refusing to be associated in command with anybody who so extraordinarily indulged "his true native English dislike of all premature planning." It would at least justify him in refusing to accede to the proposals emanating from Lord Raglan, by the rejection of which Mr. Kinglake is generally able to account for every piece of unwisdom in the course of the Allies. On this occasion of the Alma, Lord Raglan's refusal to deal straightforwardly left the French Marshal, on the day of the fight, with a "notion which seems to have been really entertained by many of the French—the notion that Lord Raglan stood engaged to turn the enemy's right,"—all because "it was not according to his [Lord Raglan's] nature to explain to men their errors; and it seems he spoke so little that St. Arnaud did not yet know what the English General would do." This method, which Lord Raglan's eulogist declares that he followed deliberately and upon system, should be born in mind by the reader while following the events subsequent to the battle of the Alma. The characteristic common to them all, in a large way, was that somebody blundered—not only on the occasion when the Light Brigade charged down "the Valley of Death," but that whenever there was a choice of paths the allies took the wrong one with a uniformity that is quite surprising. In each and every instance Mr. Kinglake pauses to show how this was attributable to the French, how the alliance acted as a paralysis which, in each case, originated not with

Lord Raglan, but with his co-commander. Perhaps it would require preterhuman dispassionateness, for one who has his country's honor so near at heart as our author, to refrain from using to the utmost the scapegoat placed by fortune ready to his hand. But his most superficial reader, if not an Englishman, will be impelled to hold his judgement in suspense until he gets the French side of the story.

The thread of the narrative we have not attempted to follow in the least, partly because it seemed that our space might be put to better use; partly because the Crimean War is merely a historical excrescence, which, despite the brilliant lights and dark shades that give it undoubted pictorial effect, will occupy but a brief paragraph on the page of history. Nevertheless, Mr. Kinglake's book is one by no means to be slighted. A more elaborately-skilful literary production, in its entirely unique way, probably does not exist, and its fascinating interest holds the reader to the end, mangle his impatience. Moreover, the English tendency to deprecation—which exists with a strength almost proportionate to that of self-laudation, probably from an unconscious instinct to show in spite of what obstacles the English spirit can triumph—puts in the reader's hand more than one clue which leads him direct to the cause of England's decline as a European power.

#### PROF. LONGFELLOW'S TRAGEDIES.\*

THERE is a twofold difficulty in judging discriminatingly of a work like this. In the first place, our knowledge of its authorship invests it to our imagination with a factitious value; we begin it with great anticipations, but, in this case at least, we are kept on the *qui vive* of expectation so long that before ending we have forgotten exactly what we did anticipate. The critic, too, is constantly distracted by meeting everywhere evanescent suggestions of that beauty of word and thought which lives in our memories indissolubly identified with Professor Longfellow's name. They are suggestions only; if we come to examine them closely the charm has fled, but not so passes the vague, indefinite delight of that remembered and familiar excellence. Our recollection of a composition that has pleased us always casts a certain glamour over every after effort of its writer, by which this volume is especially the gainer.

This is the first obstacle to estimating these tragedies on their intrinsic merits. The second, and perhaps equally important one arises from the fact that its intrinsic merits are so very hard to find. Were any other name than that of the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* imprinted on the title-page of this volume, it is safe to say that no reader would give it a second thought. But to know that it is by Mr. Longfellow is to claim for it an attention and an interest which it fails to satisfy or to repay. Mr. Longfellow, it seems to us, has made two mistakes which are almost fatal to the permanent value of these *New England Tragedies*. He has erred, we fancy, in inviting so close a comparison with the most delightful of American romancers, on ground which Hawthorne's genius made peculiarly his own, and in a scene and among characters with which the quality of Mr. Longfellow's imagination, fine and graceful rather than strong or daring, peculiarly unfitted him to deal. His sympathies lie with his tastes among the feudal castles and bold, bluff barons of the Rhine, or the frank, free-hearted peasants of Acadia, rather than among the chilly pine forests and chillier natures of Puritan New England. His art, indeed, has availed to rear with hideous naturalness the grinning skeleton of that era of bloody fanaticism, but he has utterly failed to clothe the unsightly bones with the weird and vivid beauty that glows on every page of *The Scarlet Letter* and glosses over the ugliness it cannot hide. Mr. Longfellow's tragedies possess all the accuracy and faithfulness of the chronicles from which he has drawn them, and about the same amount of interest. They give him a new claim to our admiration as a scholar and an antiquarian; they add little to his reputation as a poet.

A still graver error, however, than his choice of a subject, we venture to think, was his selection of the dramatic form for his poem. Mr. Longfellow's genius is not dramatic, but essentially lyrical; a truth which the world has long ago found out, and which it is almost time for him to recognize. It is not his *Golden Legend* and his *Spanish Student* that have borne his fame across the world and won for his name and his muse familiar and friendly welcome in every English-speaking household, but *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha*

and his minor ballads. He is utterly lacking in that peculiarity which marks the playwright, of entering in turn into every one of his actors and speaking through their masks; he has never acquired the art of letting his personages tell their own stories and evolve their own characters, which he can yet explain to us most charmingly himself. Now, we are persuaded that in a narrative form these two poems, especially *Giles Corey of Salem Farms*, because the story is more complete, fuller of complex play of human passion, the chief characters more life-like, and the circumstances every way more susceptible of artistic elaboration, would have gained a thousand graces which now they lack. This, indeed, is the first peculiarity which strikes the reader—all the more forcibly and strangely because he cannot fail to remember "the pomp of purple words" which Mr. Longfellow has ever at his beck—the utter, bald simplicity of the style; and, next, the incompleteness, inconsequence, and, so to speak, fragmentariness of the plot. In *John Endicott* it is only by the merest hint that we gain the slightest intimation of the heroine's fate; we are left in absolute ignorance of the fate of the other chief actors on whom also the interest mainly hinges; and the personage whose death in the last scene constitutes the climax of the drama is, if anything, a subordinate character. But all the characters are weak and purposeless and vague; their out-goings and their incomings appear to be made by the sheerest caprice, and they wander about through the scenes with the most perplexing air of irresponsibility, the most bewildering indifference to the development of the argument. They appear suddenly without any apparent motive, recite their parts, and vanish with the nonchalant abruptness of players at a rehearsal. Indeed, that word best describes the effect these dramas leave on us; they seem not so much tragedies as rehearsals of tragedies. There is lack of discrimination in apportioning the interest of the characters: and it is only by liberally supplementing the conjectured intention of the author we can say of any that it is first or second. Mr. Longfellow seems quite deficient in perception of histrionic perspective; his supernumeraries loom up quite as large as his heroes. In this respect, *Giles Corey* is much the better of the two; though its better is still far from good, and its denouement plainly and grossly violates that first precept of the dramatist, which so good a scholar as Mr. Longfellow could scarcely have forgotten—

"Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet."

It is hard, too, to see what business Captain Richard Gardner, introduced with so much ceremony and expectation, has in the drama at all; nor is it very clear what aid Tituba lends to its movement, while Mather is the merest lay figure. And the catastrophe forfeits much of its impressiveness and pathos from lack of contrast with the earlier happiness of Corey's household; while Corey's character, by far the finest and strongest in the book, loses by want of precision in adjusting the light and shade. Too little stress, we think, is laid on the disparity of age between Corey and his wife, and that violence of the former's youth alluded to in the lines,

"Something of my old self—my old, bad life,—  
And the old Adam in me rises up,  
And will not let me pray."

So many chances indeed for fine dramatic effect are wasted that we are inclined to doubt if Mr. Longfellow could have put into the work that care and labor and thought which he is accustomed to give to his most trivial efforts. And apart from this crudeness these tragedies are not pleasant reading. From beginning to end in each the story is one of pain and suffering and inevitable fate, unredeemed and unrelieved by any transient glimpse of happiness; and the author's skill has just sufficed to revolt us at the fanatical cruelty he records, without greatly interesting us in its victims.

Yet here and there, as we have said, one finds traces of the muse whose earlier lays so charmed us, and whose voice we are fain to believe has lost none of its old-time melody and clearness. The dialogue between Endicott and his son, in Act II., Scene 3, has force and pathos, particularly this speech of the former:

"I have been angry with you, but 'tis over;  
For when I hear your footsteps come or go,  
See in your features your dear mother's face,  
And in your voice detect some tone of hers,  
All anger vanishes, and I remember  
The days that are no more and come no more,  
When, as a child, you sat upon my knee,  
And prattled of your playthings, and the games  
You played among the pear-trees in the orchard."

John Endicott's reply seems to indicate a profane acquaintance with Shakespeare:

"Oh, let the memory of my noble mother  
Plead with you to be mild and merciful!  
For mercy more becomes a magistrate  
Than the vindictive wrath which men call justice."

\*The *New England Tragedies*. I., *John Endicott*. II., *Giles Corey of Salem Farms*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.



The conversation between John Endicott and Edith in prison is also good, and the same may be said of the corresponding prison scene, in the companion tragedy, between Corey and Gardiner. Here, too, is an impressive simile:

"A father's anger  
Is like a sword without a handle, piercing  
Both ways alike, and wounding him that wields it  
No less than him that it is pointed at."

And another—

"Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day,  
Though numberless, do but await the dark  
To manifest themselves unto all eyes."

The simple reasoning, too, in the controversy between Corey and his wife on the existence of witchcraft is admirably natural. These are proofs that the old fire is yet burning; let us hope that it will not always smoulder under the ashes of a useless antiquarianism.

#### THE AMERICAN QUARTERLIES.

ANYBODY in quest of bewilderment may find it in *The North American Review* for this quarter. Hitherto we have been sceptical about the matter of signed articles, holding that simultaneously with their introduction a review abdicated its position as censor, both in appearance and in fact, and became a collection of pamphlets to be judged solely on their intrinsic deserts. We now recognize the utility or the system. But for it, it would be impossible that, between the same covers, Mr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot, in his paper on *Philosophical Biology*, and Mr. Henry Brooks Adams, writing of Sir Charles Lyell and *The Principles of Geology*, should maintain the views they do concerning the origin of life; still less that Mr. D. A. Wasson should next come upon the scene with a Ruskin-Turnerish glorification of Homer in his *Epic Philosophy*, pooh-poohing prosaic philosophy and the students of science, the Dryasdusts in general, but notably "that portentous specimen of the genus, the Dryasdust of science—Herbert Spencer, say"—to whose dicta we have just been listening with hushed reverence. We have no opinion to give of these three papers, having read them each—with very great interest, it is true—but once, and being not quite certain whether their second or third perusal will be likely to leave us with a glimmering of their purport or with a vacant sense of intellectual emptiness. Pending the return to the attack on which, like most of their readers we suppose, we are resolved, we have only to testify to their being extremely able and extremely—wantonly, perhaps—calculated to outrage popular theological conceptions. The remaining articles of the number may be grasped by the average intelligence.—*The New York Convention*, *Massimo d'Azeglio* (an admirable bit of contemporary Italian life, by Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman), *Harvard College Library*, and a singularly suggestive review of George Eliot's *Spanish Gypsy*, by Henry James, Jr. Beside these are two very interesting papers, but too brief to be satisfactory, on *The Political Situation in England* and *The Siege of Delhi*, respectively by Messrs. Leslie Stephen and R. D. Osborn—an experiment upon the liberality of the popular taste which we shall watch with some interest and with more hope than conviction of its success. On the whole, this quarter's *North American*, while it contains, unless it be Mr. Wasson's paper, nothing of striking force, is an excellent number, and one which we have performed the unusual achievement, in the case of quarterlies, of reading from end to end with what, but for the qualifications already set forth, would have been unabated pleasure.

The eighth number of *The Southern Review* fairly sustains the reputation this important publication has already acquired. Bristling, as it does, with arguments and assumptions that must necessarily be unpalatable to great numbers of readers, we consider this review for that very reason a most valuable addition to current American literature. What is needed in this country is, as De Tocqueville said, and as ought to be constantly repeated, real independence of thought; or perhaps we might now better say more individuality of thought. Our people think too much in masses, take their color too much from without and too little from within. There must of course be parties, and parties must needs act together; but the tendency to impress all with the dominant type, the tendency that threatens us with something very like the civilization of China as time rolls on, needs the correction of strong individual dissents, needs the representation of minorities, needs the steadfast utterance by a part of the press of unpopular opinions. Therefore we are glad to see *The Southern Review*, and glad to find it so good. And, while bound to own that the number in hand contains not a few propositions with

which we cannot agree, we are none the less, but rather the more, glad that such should be the case. The first article is devoted to the work of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens recently reviewed in our own columns. This work is vigorously attacked, chiefly on the ground that so much of it consists of the writings and speeches of others, and so little of those of the author. "It is not," says the reviewer, "the production of Mr. Stephens alone; it is the joint production of Stephens and scissors. The only objection we have to the splendid portions contributed by scissors is, that we already possess them in so many other books, and in so great a variety of forms, that we find them a burden and a nuisance in the volume under consideration." Possibly; and perhaps the work has, in parts, too much the air of a compilation, yet the objection is somewhat hypercritical notwithstanding. The object of Mr. Stephens, as we understand it, would have been imperfectly carried out had he failed to support his peculiar views with the citations and examples from preceding authorities which could alone justify him in entertaining and promulgating them. Moreover, the book is not so much a book for experts more or less familiar with its subject as a book for people who may be supposed to require that it should be treated, for the sake of intelligibility, in the most rudimentary fashion. There has, perhaps, never been a subject of political controversy respecting which men have held and expressed such decided and inflexible convictions, while possessing only very limited knowledge of it, as this subject of statal as discriminated from national rights. The reason of this is plain enough. It is because there is so very much to be said on both sides. To get a clear view of the matter, if, indeed, that is possible to anybody under any circumstances, the *audi alteram partem* principle must unflinchingly be adopted. This is what Mr. Stephens has done, and what he could not have escaped the censure of *The Southern Review* without doing. The paper on *Lettice Knollys* is very attractively written, that on *The Northern Church* is extremely sharp, and the reviews of *Belisarius* and the two greatest poems of the moment—*The Spanish Gypsy* and *The Earthly Paradise*—are worthy of their place. Dr. Brownson comes in for a very remorseless flaying on the score of his *American Republican*, and the articles on *Platen's Poems and Classification in Natural History* display considerable genuine scholarship. This review is published in Baltimore by Messrs. Bledsoe & Browne, and, we presume, can be had through the news agents throughout the country.

*The American Quarterly Church Review* gives us an interesting number. A second paper on *Comtean Atheism* dwells with great emphasis of capital letters on the sordid materialism and utter hopelessness of that cultus which asks us "to substitute the Philosophy of Positivism for the System of the Scriptures, the worship of Humanity for the adoration of Jehovah, and the career of M. Comte for the Life of Jesus Christ." The style is not the most elegant in the world, but perhaps it is too much to ask of a philosopher that he shall combine rhetoric with ratiocination. A Western minister's pamphlet on baptism gives occasion to his reviewer for indulging in much of that cheerful logic and vigorous tilting at straw men which so agreeably diversify polemics. There is a *Rejoinder to The Catholic World* on the subject of Cousin's philosophy, which makes a lame and rather late as well as grudging apology for the tone of *The Church Review* in its first attack, but otherwise does not seem greatly to help its side of the controversy. The most entertaining paper of the number is the one on *The French Pulpit*, which makes a very good comparative estimate of the three great religious orators of France, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, and Massillon, giving to the last precedence in eloquence; to the first, in genius. There are other articles on the *Early History of Soteriology*, *Origen*, and *The Wisconsin Memorial*, all of the usual depth and absorbing interest, and the number ends with some book notices which lack only critical discrimination to be very admirable book notices indeed. Especially on looking over them this sentence attracted our attention: "We commend the work of Dr. Bellows as exhibiting, in a most attractive form, that sprightliness of style and breadth of culture which are the strongest recommendations of Unitarianism to the more intellectual classes of society." What does it mean? We can understand how Unitarians might be recommended by their sprightliness of style and their breadth of culture to the more intellectual classes of society, if, for example, the more intellectual classes required their references, though why Unitarians should be any more sprightly and cultured than Trinitarians it seems hard to explain. But it is still more difficult to resolve the problem which the reviewer ac-

tually puts us in crediting to Unitarianism the good qualities which we should look for in its professors. How a religious system is to be recommended for its sprightliness of style and breadth of culture is a very curious question.

*The American Law Review* is as interesting this quarter as ever, though somewhat different from previous numbers. It contains only two articles, one on *Lord Brougham* and one on the *Erie Railroad Row*, both long—both able. We are quite curious to know how far this innovation is intentional, for, beside being so much fewer, these articles, it will be observed, are neither of them strictly on law topics. Is it the idea of the editors to touch law only thus collaterally, through its history or philosophy? Remembering the excellent little articles in former numbers, on so many interesting points—some of them having all the value of condensed yet exhaustive treatises—we only hope, as must the legal profession, that no change is to come over the *Review* in this regard. The *Erie* article is, as to facts, the best *résumé* we have seen of that corrupt complication; but it is even higher in merit by reason of the scathing justice of its comments on the performances of the bench and bar. It does little more, it is true, than draw direct inferences from the reported facts; but as to this *Erie* scandal, the naked truth is probably the bitterest possible commentary. The digests this quarter are unusually full, and strike us even more than ever before as displaying the wide and ready familiarity of the editors, whoever they may be, with the latest American cases in all the states. Some of the cases are selected—with excellent judgement, be it said *en passant*—for quite full statement of their facts and points, and one would almost or quite feel safe in citing them as they stand, with no fear of overlooked distinctions. We have only, in conclusion, to repeat our welcome of that, to us, peculiarly admirable feature of this periodical, the impartial and gentlemanly tone prevalent in its critical bureau. We see very little indeed to carp at in it, at any rate; but were its errors as thick as snow-flakes, this one virtue would cover from our severity a multitude of sins. To every work, every management, every man that earnestly labors to elevate American criticism, we stretch out the cordial right hand of fellowship, now and always.

To show how *The National Quarterly Review* claims a place here would be simple enough, but to show how it fails to make good its claim is, unfortunately, still simpler. For the first time in our acquaintance with this publication we nerved ourselves to go through with an invariable fine-print appendix, of peculiarly uninviting aspect, and treating of insurance companies. An ugly correspondence between the article and the advertising pages suggested a tabulation of facts which yielded these results: 19 insurance companies advertise, and among these 19 are distributed 41 "puffs," each receiving at least one, some as many as four; 42 bitter attacks are made in the same article upon 21 companies which do not advertise, and one of these attacks (upon the company which originated the insulting exclusion of Jews from the benefit of its operations) is so constructed as to involve a suggestion of pride that "there are such Israelites in New York as the —," naming a Jewish firm which fills a page with its advertisement. Throughout an article ostensibly upon education the same phenomenon is observable. The statement of the deduction we leave to our readers. Its operation upon ourselves is to convince us that the essential character of the publication is not of a literary nature, and that it is in no way incumbent upon us to scrutinize the texture of the sheep's clothing designed as concealment of what is wholly revealed.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

**HANDY-VOLUME SERIES, No. IV.: HAPPY THOUGHTS.** By F. C. Burnand. London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co. 1868.—Setting out with the capital design of reproducing on paper, as nearly as possible, the exact current of a man's trivial thoughts as he thinks them on trivial perplexing occasions, Mr. Burnand has produced a very humorous and whimsical little book. Necessarily, there is some exaggeration, but in the main his situations are laughable only because they are true to nature. Everybody has been through that horrible mental conflict consequent on weakly consenting to sing in company that idiotic comic song which one invariably breaks down in, about the middle, to everybody else's great relief; everybody has had those amusing conversations with those terrible sharp little girls who pass unfavorable criticisms on one's personal appearance before the object of one's adoration; everybody can appreciate the fidelity of the struggle with the barber who blandly bullies one into buying a small cart-load of his preposterous preparations, or, failing, crushes one with his contemptuous pity. This latter scene is worth



quoting, and will give the reader a good idea of the queer, jerky style of the book :

"Happy Thought.—Go and have my hair cut.  
"Man who cuts it wishes to know, insinuatingly, whether I use their Bohemian Balsam. I don't like hurting his feelings, but am obliged to say that I do not. He can recommend it strongly, he says, and wishes 'to put up a pot for me.' I say 'No, no, to-day.' I feel that I am in his hands, and if he presses it very much I'm done. He supposes, as a matter of course, that I am never without their Chloride of Caranthus. I answer, in an off-hand way, that I haven't used any of it lately, though I don't add that I've never heard of it before. Shall he put me up a couple of bottles? I take time to consider, as if this was a difficult matter to decide. I answer, after a few minutes, 'Well—no—not to-day;' whereupon he proposes sending it to me in any part of the country."

"Happy Thought.—To tell him that I don't like the Chloride of Caranthus; that will settle it. I tell him; it doesn't settle it. He is astonished to hear this from me, and says, 'Indeed! dear me! quite pityingly. I wonder if he's taken in. He tries to flatter me by pretending that he recollects how I like my hair cut. 'Not very short, I think,' he says. Humbug! I've never been here before. He tells me that some gentle men do prefer the Gelatinium; perhaps, he inquires, that is *my* case; perhaps I prefer the Gelatinium? On my saying, dubiously, 'No,' he proposes putting up a bottle of each to try."

"Happy Thought.—Always be decided in speaking to a hair-dresser. Say boldly that you don't use any of these things, or that you don't want anything at present."

"I casually praise a brush whirled about my head by machinery, and he offers to put that up for me, machinery and all, I suppose. Nothing easier, he explains. Will I have my head washed? I answer, 'Yes,' adding inadvertently, 'I have not had that done for some weeks.' He seizes upon the admission and deduces from it that I have none of their Savonian Brillantine. I have not. He says decidedly that he will put me up a couple of bottles. He is actually going to give the order, when I call out, 'No, I won't.' A little more and I should lose my temper altogether. He's afraid that I don't use their Gelission Sphixiad for my whiskers and moustache. He says this in a tone implying that I may expect them to drop off at once if I don't adopt his remedy. I despise myself for getting cross with a hair-dresser; but one is entirely in his power. You can't jump up and run away with the apron sort of thing round your neck. He is very officious in assisting me with my coat and waistcoat. His hands are greasy, but I don't like to hurt his feelings. Won't I have any soaps, brushes, combs? Can't he put up any little thing for me? 'Toilette bottles? Eau-de-Cologne, scents? Then he concludes with, 'Nothing more to-day?' Whereupon I reply, as blandly as I can, 'No, thank you, nothing more to-day.' He bows me out."

"Happy Thought.—Won't go there again."

Is not the description as true as it is comical? The book is made of similar descriptions united by a slender thread of story, which keeps up the interest and helps to make it, what is not always a necessary consequence, readable as well as amusing. Messrs. Roberts Bros. are reprinting it; and we know of no better book to while away the tedium of travel.

*American Fish-Culture; embracing all the Details of Artificial Breeding and Rearing of Trout, the Culture of Salmon, Shad, and other Fishes.* By Thaddeus Norris, author of *The American Angler's Book*. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1868.—"Some of the first minds among our countrymen," says Mr. Norris, in his preface, "are giving serious thought as to the means of arresting the gradual extinction of valuable fishes, and restoring our failing and exhausted rivers to their former fruitfulness; and are becoming convinced that the culture of water as well as of land can be made to contribute largely to the supply of food required for our rapidly increasing population." Mr. Norris is a practical worker in this field, being a successful rearer of fish in more senses than one, and the pains he has been at to give in this work the valuable fruits of his experience—pains not likely to be peculiarly required, and involving the spread of curious and uncommon information—deserve handsome acknowledgement. Most of us have noticed with sorrow how in our American woods and meadows the birds, especially the game sorts, are becoming fewer and fewer as time rolls on, and have impatiently questioned ourselves and others whether means cannot be taken to check this growing desolation. Not so many of us know that our rivers and brooks, subjected to similar processes of depletion, are becoming as void as the air of their natural inhabitants. It is most desirable that this grave evil should be obviated, and Mr. Norris teaches us in his development of the secrets of pisciculture how to apply the remedy. Nor do his labors stop here; for he conveys, in instructions that have a very practical air, the ways of so raising the best and most marketable fish as to make an important addition to the revenues of most farmers or others who occupy suitable lands. Our readers are probably aware that the state of New York—following the example of New England—has lately appointed fish Commissioners in the persons of Governor Seymour, who is said to be greatly interested in the subject, Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, and Mr. Seth Green. It is proposed, we believe, to stock our great rivers with salmon, so that the good old days chronicled by Hendrik Hudson may be brought back to us once more. Of course fish-ways must be made and adequate laws for the protection of the fish be enforced, otherwise, as Mr. Norris says, no permanent good will come from simply stocking the rivers. We earnestly hope that energetic work and permanent good results may be obtained through these Commissioners, and that they may effect for the advantage of the public at large what our generous author seeks to help individuals to do for themselves. There are certain physiological reasons, in this country of active brain-work and exhausted nervous systems, for the more general use of fish as habitual food, and this book deserves warm commendation as a strong, practical encouragement to such an end. Messrs. Porter & Coates have put Mr. Norris's volume in hand-

some vesture, and have furnished with the letter-press some useful plates.

*Catholic Orthodoxy and Anglo-Catholicism.* By J. F. Overbeck, D.D. London: N. Trübner & Co.—*The Orthodox Catholic Review*, London. Vol. I., Nos. 1-12. 1867.—One of the more remarkable phases of recent ecclesiastical movements for the reunion of Christendom is found in the projects to bring about some kind of understanding and communion between the Greek Church, as especially represented by Russia, and some of the Western Reformed churches. The Greek Church, called the Orthodox and Apostolical, after a long period of comparative stagnancy, is showing signs of a new life. It is beginning a propaganda for its ancient faith, and the whole power of Russia aids it. In the Anglican Church, and in the Episcopal Church of this country, there are many who are looking to Moscow rather than to Rome, and much rather than to the Protestant communions, in their schemes for reviving the old unity of the Christian Church. Societies are formed, "papers" are published, with this in view. The dignitaries of the Greek Church have been civil, to be sure, yet reticent. We have had some passing demonstrations of this kind in our own country; and many here, as in England, are already willing to give up the *Filioque* in the so-called Nicene Creed, if thereby the favor of the Greek patriarchs can be secured. The Greek Church has even made some converts. The Abbé Guettée is the most notorious of those in France, and Dr. Overbeck (apparently of German origin), author of the above work, in England. He is zealous in representing union with the Greek Church as the only panacea for the divisions of Christendom. He sets in array before the Anglo-Catholics (of whom Dr. Pusey is the leader) their shortcomings and errors, and shows them that "their theology is in a fix;" and then expounds to them the necessity of a return to the bosom of the only Orthodox Church. In like manner, he proves to the Roman Catholic that the supremacy of Peter has not the authority of the Catholic or general tradition, and that he, too, must become a Greek. This has somewhat the look of reversing the wheels of time. But it is very seriously meant, and is, at the least, entertaining, if not instructive. The Anglican is refuted by the same facts and arguments by which he tries to convict the Protestant of heresy and schism. The Roman Catholic is opposed with the same reasonings by which the Protestants repel the pretensions of the Greek Church as well as the Roman. And so, these ecclesiastical champions of those forms of Christianity which have had and completed their task attempt to revive the claims and pretensions of old organizations, while the world is running on, and Christianity, ever new and living, does and must take on new forms to keep pace with the progress of the race and to subdue it unto Christ. For, if any lesson is taught us by the whole of Christian history, it is this—that the external forms of church polity and of church life are secondary and transient. That which abides and grows, in the midst of all the changes of outward rites and polity, is the saving and undying truth that has its substance and centre in the person and work of our Lord.—*The Orthodox Catholic Review* contains a good deal of matter of general interest in respect to the position, prospects, and literature of the "Orthodox Church." It is edited in a spirited style. A Russian journal, the *Moskwa*, pleaded, recently, for religious freedom in Russia, on the ground of the cases of Abbé Guettée and Dr. Overbeck. It says that if similar changes of religion had occurred in Russia, they would, under the existing laws, have been visited with heavy penalties. It calls for a repeal of such statutes.

*Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms.* By Albert Barnes. In three volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Bros. 1868.—In his preface the reverend author speaks of this work as his last contribution to Biblical interpretation, and we think that all impartial readers will concede that it is one of his best. The vexed questions of the schools do not, in this part of Scripture, come so much into the foreground; and, apart from these, there is a very general recognition, in all communions, of the important services which Mr. Barnes has rendered in explaining, for popular edification, the real sense of the sacred text. His comments are always pertinent and lucid; his tone is reverential and trustful. He is simple, earnest, and truthful as a commentator, and this is one reason of the great popularity of his works. About half a million of volumes of his various commentaries have been published in this country, and probably even more than this in Great Britain, beside translations into the French, Welsh, East Indian, and Chinese languages. All devout readers of the Psalms will be instructed by this new exposition. The discussion in the introduction of the difficult subject of the Imperfect Psalms is worthy of special attention.

*The Hour which Cometh and Now Is.* By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: W. V. Spencer. 1868.—This volume, named from the first sermon, is a series of thoughtful and able discourses by one of the most distinguished of the Boston Unitarian divines. It is noteworthy for its direct and forcible application of some Scriptural truths to the needs and questions of the present times. Dry dogmatic discussions are avoided, and the living truth, colored of course by the author's theories, is presented in a style at once popular and scholarly, from which the adherents of a stricter dogmatic faith might well take a lesson. Dr. Clarke

is well known as an eloquent advocate of a wide liberty of belief, and hence we are all the more glad to read (p. 275) that, "to substitute for Christianity a theism based on the attributes of God, or a spiritualism founded on the doctrine of universal inspiration, is not to go forward to a more advanced position, but to relapse to a lower one." The ampler doctrine is the truer. That which accepts Father, Son, and Spirit; means, end, and substance [?]; Christ the way to the Father; Christ's work the condition of the coming of the Spirit; the belief which does not destroy the past creed, but fulfils it in a higher form—this is that which alone can satisfy human wants. It is not by dropping Christ that we can reach God or live in the Holy Spirit. For through Him we have access, by the Spirit, to the Father."

*Memoirs of Alexander Campbell; embracing a View of the Origin, Progress, and Principles of the Religious Reformation which he advocated.* By Robert Richardson. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1868.—One of the ablest of the New England ministers of the past generation said that he never heard a man in the pulpit who seemed to him to have such entire self-possession as Dr. Alexander Campbell. He was a remarkable man. Of Seceder (Presbyterian) descent, he seceded from Presbyterianism (following his father, Rev. Thos. Campbell), and organized a communion which now numbers about three hundred thousand members. The "rule" of the "reformation" which he advocated was thus tersely expressed: "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak; where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent." His sect is a singular combination of Baptist and Presbyterian views, with some new elements of doctrine and practice. Mr. Richardson's memoir is minute and prolix. For the general reader it will well bear a vigorous compression. It is an instructive work in the history of sectarianism. The publishers have brought it out in the best style.

*The Sabbath of Life.* By Richard D. Addington. New York: American News Company. 1868.—"I dip my pen in the blackest of black ink as emblematical of what I purpose to do against myself, that I may offer whatever else I have in respectability and reputation upon the altar to do the work of my Father, as a simple instrument in His hands."—St. John, vii., 15 to 18. Thus does the writer appropriate to himself the solemn words of Christ about Himself. His work is desultory and rhapsodic.

*A Man in Earnest: Life of A. H. Conant.* By Robert Collyer. Boston: H. B. Fuller; New York: James Miller. —The Rev. R. Collyer, with true sympathy, relates the simple and earnest life of Mr. Conant, with appropriate reflections. His devoted patriotism and his hearty work for human welfare are worthy of this record.

*The Prodigal Son.* By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, M.A., with a Preface by Rev. Gilbert Haven. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.—Mr. Punshon is an eloquent and impressive preacher. Yet it seems to us that Mr. Haven does him injustice when he writes that, "more than any great English preacher, he copies the ornate, semi-epigrammatic style of the Thunderer of Printing-house Square." He is better than this.

*A Review of the Thirty-nine Articles.* By a Layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Harrisburg: S. H. Sieg. 1868.—A free criticism, with slight knowledge of the history of doctrines, of the dogmatic formulæ of the Church of England.

*Ten Thousand Wonderful Things; comprising whatever is Marvellous and Rare, Curious, Eccentric, and Extraordinary, in all Ages and Nations. Enriched with hundreds of authentic illustrations.* Edited by Edward Fillingham King, M.A., etc. London: George Routledge & Sons.—This book belongs to a doubtful family, and its title-page makes suspicious promises, but it really contains a great deal of uncommon and quaint information, and, with its numerous engravings and tinted paper, is very attractive to the eye. It is a very good gift-book for inquiring youths, and, from the unusual character of not a little of the contents, is not unworthy of being kept for reference by writers and scholars.

*Rural Hours.* By a Lady. New edition, with a new chapter. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.—The reverse of the page that bears the imprint of this volume announces that it was entered according to act of Congress in the year 1850 "by J. Fenimore Cooper," and we believe there is now no indelicacy in saying that the work is that of Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper. It is a record of country life kept by a gentlewoman, displaying much nicety of observation and delicacy of taste, and which, if it contains nothing essentially new, gives its description of things old in language always picturesque, thoughtful, and womanly. We find few volumes of American country life so thoroughly unexceptionable.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

HATCHARD & Co., London; New York, POTT & AMERY.—The Bad English of Lindley Murray and Other Writers on the English Language. A Series of Criticisms by G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L. Pp. xl., 248. 1868.  
HURD & Houghton, New York.—The Tragedian: An Essay on the Historic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth. By Thomas R. Gould. Pp. 189. 1868.  
The Instrument of Association: A Manual of Currency. By George A. Potter. Pp. xiv., 131. 1868.  
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—The Life of George Stephenson, and of his son, Robert Stephenson. By Samuel Smiles. With portraits and numerous illustrations. Pp. xlv., 501. 1868.  
LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., Boston; New York: BAKER & VOORHIS.—A



- Treatise on the Constitutional Limitations which rest upon the Legislative Power of the States of the American Union. By Thomas M. Cooley. Pp. xlviii, 722. 1868.
- A Treatise upon the Law of Telegraphs. With an Appendix. By W. L. Scott and Milton P. Jarnagin, Memphis, Tennessee. Pp. xvii, 535. 1868.
- WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—Lessons on the Christian Life. By Caroline S. Whitmarsh. Pp. 176. 1868.
- Many Teachers, but One Lesson. Second Edition. Pp. 249. 1868.
- G. W. CARLETON, New York.—Friendly Counsel for Girls. By Sydney Cox. Pp. viii, 296. 1868.
- The White Gaudet: A Novel. By Capt. Mayne Reid. With original illustrations. Pp. 495. 1868.
- WILLIAM L. STONE & JOHN T. BARRON, New York.—A Book for Young People. The Scratchsides Family. By John Carlin. With illustrations by the Author. Pp. 78. 1868.
- P. S. WYNKOOP & SON, New York.—"I Will," and Other Stories. By "May." Pp. 191. 1868.
- TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—Cast Away in the Cold: An Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures. As related by Captain John Hardy, Mariner. By Dr. Isaac I. Hayes. Pp. vi, 263. 1869.
- Lockley Hall. By Alfred Tennyson. With illustrations. Pp. 75. 1869.
- SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO., New York.—Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work. By E. De Pressensac, D.D. Second Edition, revised. Pp. xx, 496. 1868.
- ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—Foolish Zoe. The Text by her Mamma. The designs by Frölich. 1868.
- Boasting Hector. The Text by his Mamma. The designs by Frölich. 1868.
- Mischievous John. The Text by his Mamma. The designs by Frölich. 1868.

## PAMPHLETS.

- HARPER & BROS., New York.—Mildred: A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. Pp. 121. 1868.
- G. W. CARLETON, New York.—The Acts of Kings: A Biblical Narrative of the Acts of the First and Second Kings of the First Province, once Virginia. By J. M. Hannah. Pp. 74. 1868.

We have also received current numbers of Putnam's Magazine, The Catholic World, Hours at Home, The Galaxy—New York; The Art Journal—London and New York; The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, Lippincott's Magazine—Philadelphia; North American Review, New England Historical and Genealogical Register, Our Young Folks, Atlantic Monthly—Boston; Little Corporal—Chicago; Humboldt Medical Archives—St. Louis.

## MUSIC.

- DACHAUBER & CO., New York.—Aure Melodiche. Un Bacio. (A Kiss.) Torrente.

## TABLE-TALK.

THE quietness and good-humor with which our countrymen submit to needless and aggravating inconveniences is one of the oddest while most distinctive peculiarities of the American character. They endure the unwarrantable nuisances of overcrowded railway cars, of insolent drivers and conductors, of the cool, self-asserting impudence of hotel clerks and other understrappers, and a host of other barbarous disagreeables, with a philosophy or an innocence such as makes Europeans stare with astonishment. There is certainly no civilized city in the world where these things are so strangely tolerated as they are in New York. Every afternoon, for example, at the present time, some thousands of people in omnibuses and carriages are impeded, sometimes for many minutes, by the wagons of the express companies. These vehicles are backed toward their respective offices, so that they stand at right angles to the line of the street, and literally choke off all other traffic during a considerable part of each afternoon. Hundreds are daily made late for trains and steamboats by this outrageous and most unjustifiable nuisance, but we have yet to hear that anybody takes steps to mitigate or abolish it. The express companies should be banished—every one of them—to the side streets. It is utterly preposterous that they should be permitted thus to incommode the public, and neither in Paris nor London would they be allowed to do so for a single day.

ALMANACS for the new year have already commenced to make their appearance. The idea is of foreign origin, but in their *Atlantic Almanac* Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have so improved upon previous publications as to give us the most attractive annual of the sort that we have ever seen. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, who is its editor, has been able to enlist in the service of the *Almanac* several of the deftest pens usually plied for the *Monthly* which has lent its name as well as its talent; and he has also recruited lavishly from our midst admired illustrators, whose designs in general are done in rare good taste. Only against the sticky colored prints must we enter our protest—not that they are not as good as art of this sort ever is, only that it is always bad, and had better be left for "presentations" from the flash weeklies. But the great revolution achieved in this publication is that the reading matter—which in the ordinary almanac may be regarded as beneath contempt—is never below *Atlantic Monthly* pitch. As particularly admirable, we call readers' attention to the "table of light," attached to the calendar of each month, which, if not really a novelty, is at least one to us.—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. also have issued a gayly covered *Appletons' Illustrated Almanac*. Its reading matter is good in its way, but the way is not that of literature, and, while useful and instructive, will scarcely be read for its own sake. The vignettes to the calendars are devoted to the "Game Birds and their Haunts" for the several months, and are excellent; but we cannot say as much for the full-page pictures which face them, and in which we have been puzzled to determine whether the design or the engraving was the worse. Still, the almanac is meritorious.

ST. LOUIS has recently produced a monthly with whose appearance and evident thoroughness we are greatly pleased. This is *The American Entomologist*, of which we shall take pleasure in speaking at greater length when our acquaintance with it shall have become longer. Meanwhile we may say that its twenty well-filled and admirably illustrated pages of reading-matter are chiefly devoted to the insects whose habits affect agriculturists, particularly throughout the Mississippi Valley, and that about the neat little pam-

phlet there is an unmistakable assurance of honest work by accomplished naturalists.

## THE DECLINING YEAR.

THE Year begins to tremble with decay,  
Like an old man who leans upon a staff,  
And in a graveyard reads the epitaph  
Of all his offspring who have passed away;  
But yet soft breezes with his thin locks play,  
Scattering his sadness with a jocund laugh,  
While the great sun yet warms in his behalf,  
And with his darts keeps Winter still at bay.  
Yea, soothed and flattered in full many ways,  
Though all the fields be bare, and woodlands sere,  
Half-hidden from his sight by thickening haze,  
Serenely smiles the slow-declining Year,  
Like one who has in goodness spent his days,  
And waits his coming end without a fear.

W. L. S.

THE vivid and beautiful products of chromo-lithography are becoming so popular that specimens of the art meet our eyes in every direction. Scarcely a library, an office, or a counting-room but boasts its "Madonna," its "Poultry-Yard," its "Bare-Footed Boy," its "Winter Landscape," or some other of the capital pictures issued by Prang, of Boston, or, more recently, the extraordinary copy of Carter's "Mischievous Pets," just put in the market by Fabronius, Gurney & Co., of New York. It is evident that the demand for these attractive and inexpensive works of art is likely to become a very large one; and if those who supply the market continue to display the taste and finish that have for the most part marked their previous publications they will certainly drive a very profitable business. These pictures are not oil paintings, certainly, but they come very much nearer to being as good as oil than, until within a few years, any of us had a right to expect. It is a thing to rejoice at heartily that works of art are thus now brought within the reach of moderate means that could formerly only be enjoyed, whether in original or copy, by fortune's favorites. The firms engaged in this calling richly deserve encouragement, and we trust that they will abundantly receive it.

MR. J. G. SAXE is at work upon a translation of the Comedies of Aristophanes.

## SEPTEMBER ON THE BEACH.

BELOW and before me, a reach of sand  
Stretches away to the boundless blue,  
Where rough ridges of rock on either hand  
Swathed in the sea-wrack enclose the view,  
And over all this the September sun  
Streams from a sky of too glorious hue.

In its light the water like silver shines,  
Broken in ripples that dance and play  
Hither and thither in flickering lines  
Of shimmering azure and gleaming grey,  
Athwart whose mazes the wandering beams,  
With ceaseless, uneasy twinkle, stray.

On the grassy ledge, o'erhanging the beach,  
Golden-rod waveth his kingly crest,  
And above, the aster, far out of reach,  
Wrappeth her purple about her breast,  
Defying the warrior dragon-fly  
Pausing above her, in search of rest.

Suddenly, slowly rounding the view,  
A tall sloop stealth noiselessly nigh  
Softly slides through the slippery blue  
And glides like a sheeted phantom by,  
Tight-stretched canvas and tawny spar  
Rocking and wavering against the sky.

She passes from sight, scarce leaving a trace,  
And the silence is all unbroken still,  
Though the crickets idly creep through the grass  
And butterflies chase each other at will;  
There's only the stir of the floating leaf,  
And sunshine slumbers on field and hill.

But the silence hath voices that speak to me  
Loudly of brief, bright Summer-time fled,  
Yet leaving behind her, on bush and tree,  
Her work accomplished and deftly spread,  
Yellowing corn-husks and blushing fruit,  
Thistle-down soft and rose-berries red.

While Autumn seems resting—all the long day  
Tranquilly smiling up at the sun,  
And waiting, as old age waits, for decay—  
Life's work complete and labors well done.  
Alas! when man's autumn cometh to him  
And findeth his summer work still unbegun.

C. PIERREPONT.

Rye, September 24, 1867.

BRITISH INDIA, if we may depend upon a letter to *The Evangelist* from a missionary at Kalapoor, is not so well off in the matter of education as appeared from a paragraph we lately drew from the official reports. It is true, according to this correspondent, that the government expenditure for schools is shown by the reports to have risen from 2,600,000 rupees in 1862, to 4,783,042 rupees in 1867; but it has appeared that this sum includes a million or more given by native chiefs and others, while more than another million was absorbed by the directors of public instruction, with their various subordinates, who have charge of each of the eleven educational departments. But taking the full sum as the basis of the comparison, there is spent for the education of the 150,000,000 of India little more than one-third of the amount devoted to the 5,000,000 in the state of New York, that is, about one-ninetieth the allowance per head. The pupils in the government schools, or those aided by it, number 622,352, about two-fifths of one per cent. of the population; of these only five per cent. are girls, whose admission the school authorities withstand persistently, and of this five per cent. a large proportion are

the children of officers or soldiers, or Europeans of some kind—so that Indian women are likely to get remarkably little good of the public education, despite the contrary instructions of the home government.

SIR W. MUIR has offered at Calcutta prizes for the encouragement of Hindostanee and Hindie literature. These are to be not less than five every year, of an average sum of £100 each, to the authors of original or translated works in these languages. Beside awarding £100, more or less, to deserving productions, the government will subscribe for a number of copies, so that the copyright will remain with the author, and a sale will be virtually guaranteed. Writers of any nationality may compete, the judges of the works offered being the Secretary to the Government of the Northwestern provinces, the Director of Public Instruction there, and the principals of the Agra, Benares, Bareilly, or Ajmer colleges. Praiseworthy as this is, it adds confirmation to the general impression that European interest extends only to higher education and the higher classes, for whose benefit a few universities and high-schools receive the lion's share of the appropriations, and the primary schools are sacrificed.

CHINA is receiving from the Roman Catholics as well as from the Protestants a good deal of valuable educational aid. In each of the twenty-four missions into which the country is divided—each under the charge of ecclesiastics of Italian, French, Spanish, or Belgian nationality, and containing from 2,000 to 10,000 Christians—there is a college for natives, where they are taught Latin, philosophy and theology, together with numerous schools and orphanages. The most important is the college kept by the Germans and Italians at Si-ka-wi, three or four miles from Shanghai, where nearly three hundred pupils are taught trades, painting, drawing, and Chinese literature, and several of them are sent up to Peking to take the degrees. The Sisters of Charity, moreover, have eight schools of different kinds at various points. Like the Protestants, the Romanists are also doing a good deal in the way of translating and printing and otherwise providing food for the Oriental mind.

RUSSIA is likely before long to afford to women such educational facilities as are being put in their way in Western Europe. For some years the lectures at the University of St. Petersburg were open to the public, and a good many women, among others, attended them. But the university was remodelled, and under the new regulations women were excluded. Thus the only subject which they could now study in public was that of medicine, for the medical faculty in St. Petersburg forms a separate academy, independent of the university. Recently, however, a very large number of women have written to the university authorities, begging permission to attend the lectures, especially in philology and natural science, and offering to pay the usual fees. It is thought that the desired arrangement can be effected, the professors stating their willingness, and that a large number of women will at once become students.

RUSSIA's hard persistency in banishing everything Polish from Poland still continues. Till lately there has been in the schools this much of toleration—that in the celebration of prayers, which have been of a Roman Catholic character, the majority of the pupils being of that faith, the non-Catholic pupils were allowed to leave the room. But one day they were stopped, and informed that henceforth they must join in a prayer that was thereupon dictated to them, in the old Slavonic dialect, now only surviving in church services. To the objection of the Jewish students—apparently to the invocation of the Holy Ghost to bless the Czar and the Church—it was replied that the authorities who had undertaken to prepare a colorless prayer knew better what they were about than a parcel of boys, who, beside, were there in the capacity of pupils, not of Jews. The prohibition of the Polish language, which we have once or twice spoken of before, is now being enforced in Lithuania. Formerly its use was enjoined in Roman Catholic ecclesiastical ceremonies; now the prayer-books are to be in Russian, and schoolmasters are to undergo an examination in the latter language. Really, when we compare these things with the civilization we are at such pains and cost to force upon the South, our new friendship with Russia seems not at all the unmeaning thing it at one time appeared to be.

LINGUAL difficulties are not peculiar to Russia and her possessions, nor to Austria, whose officers have to speak from five to twenty tongues, in order to get on with the various populations with which they have to deal. At a recent sitting of the Cape Parliament a grant of £100 was asked for, to complete the comparative Dictionary of the South African languages, which Dr. Wilhelm Bleek, formerly of Bonn, now librarian of the Capetown Library, is engaged upon. This was denounced—fruitlessly, we are glad to say—by several legislators as a scheme for "the propagation of the Kafir language." Wherefore we infer that civilization is not much further advanced at Capetown than in Washington, where, last winter, as we recorded at the time, an honorable gentleman objected to an appropriation to the Smithsonian Institute, on the ground that its funds were employed in filling bottles with things which it made people sick to look upon. A further companion-piece is adduced by *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the case being that of a London alderman who "denounced the Elgin marbles as things without heads and arms, of which a friend of his did not think much."



BERLIN has had a congress differing from the innumerable assemblages which congregate throughout Europe during the early autumn. This one was made up of the deaf and dumb, the principal object of their deliberations being the possibility of a substitute for the finger language.

STUTTGART was to witness an assemblage of German ladies this week to deliberate on a class of subjects which we do not recommend to our own strong-minded women, because they would mess them, but which are proper matters for organized consideration nevertheless. The points named in their programme are: 1, How to instruct young mothers in the physical education of their children; 2, The establishment of small museums of literature, art, and industry, which should also afford rooms for meetings, for lectures, and for the instruction of all classes of girls and women, from school studies up to matters of domestic economy; 3, Reform in dress, not in the way of extravagances of the "Bloomer" kind, but in resistance to such demands of fashion as injuriously affect either the health or the purse; 4, The transformation of charitable institutions for women into "self-supporting and earning female institutions."

DR. PERCEVAL WRIGHT, of Dublin, has been upon a dredging expedition off the coast of Portugal; he procured specimens at depths of from three hundred to four hundred fathoms, among them a living Portuguese Hyalonema, which was especially desired by the British Association.

DRS. WYVILLE THOMPSON and WILLIAM CARPENTER have also returned from a similar expedition to the Gulf Stream in the North Sea, undertaken at the desire of the Royal Society, taking back numerous novelties from depths as great as five hundred fathoms.

#### RESURRECTION.

SOMETIMES, in morning sunlights by the river,  
Where in the early fall long grasses wave,  
Light winds from over the moorland sink and shiver  
And sigh as if just blown across a grave.  
And then I pause and listen to this sighing,  
And look with strange eyes on the well-known stream,  
And hear wild birth-cries uttered by the dying,  
And know men waking who appear to dream.  
Then from the water-lilies there uprises  
The vast still face of all the life I know,  
Changed now, and full of wonders and surprises,  
With fire in eyes that once were glazed by snow.  
Smooth are the brows old Pain had erewhile wrinkled,  
And peace and strength about the calm lips dwell.  
Clean of the ashes that repentance sprinkled,  
The meek head poises like a flower-bell.  
All ancient scars of wanton wars have vanished;  
And what blue bruises grappling Sense had left,  
And sad remains of redder stains, are banished,  
And the dim blotch of heart-committed theft.  
Oh! vast still vision of transfigured features,  
Unvisited by secret crimes and dooms,  
Remain, remain above yon water-creatures,  
Stand, shine, above yon water-lily blooms.  
For, eighteen centuries ripple down the river,  
And windy times the stalks of empires wave;  
Let the winds come from the moor and sigh and shiver.  
Fain, fain am I, O CHRIST, to pass the grave!

SIDNEY LANIER.

NOTHING that we have ever had to welcome in the way of new additions to journalism has deserved more hearty eulogium than *The Pall Mall Budget*—the weekly edition of

*The Pall Mall Gazette*—the first issue of which came hither by a late mail. To those who are acquainted with the daily journal no further description is necessary than to say that all the matter in the daily issues which is of more than ephemeral value is collected, filling more than thirty pages, exclusive of those devoted to advertising. To every expatriated reading Englishman we should think this publication must be indispensable. To others who desire to keep the run of political and general public affairs, on the Continent as well as in England, we may say not only that we know of no single journal, but that we can imagine none, which would so combine brevity with absolute thoroughness. This, of course, is in addition to the literary merit and acumen, which are of world-wide notoriety, and at this day need no encomium.

MR. THOMAS WRIGHT'S *Caricature History of the Georges* has proved so great a success—so Mr. Welford assures us in his last, and even more than usually full, letter to *The Book Buyer*—that he is at work upon a continuation to the present time, which will be adorned with the quaint cuts and fac-similes that added so much to the first part. Some time, however, will be involved in the collection of the necessary squibs, caricatures, etc., which are scattered about and only to be come upon in detail and, as it were, accidentally. The British Museum, Mr. Welford adds, has lately made the acquisition of one of the largest collections of the kind, formed by Mr. Hawkins, and comprising 7,000 caricature prints, rare humorous etchings, etc., from the earliest date to the time of Hogarth, Bunbury, and Gilray. The law that governs the supply or preservation of fugitive literary productions is one of the things that no one can understand. At this moment it is certain that the tracts, pamphlets, broadsides, etc., of the time of the Commonwealth and Charles II. are more plenty and more readily to be procured than those of the Regency, only forty or fifty years ago.

MR. HOTTEN, who publishes Mr. Wright's work, has also in preparation other works of interest to persons of taste for grotesque art. One of these is an elegant and compact edition of *Dr. Syntax's* three tours. Another is a reprint of the first English translation of Grimm's *German Popular Stories*, with fac-similes of the etchings by George Cruikshank, prefaced by an introduction from the pen of Mr. Ruskin, whose criticism first pointed out the merits of these remarkable works of art, and had the effect of rendering the work that contained them one of the scarcest of recent books.

ART BOOKS of a higher order, both of them illustrated by photography, are *The Great Works of Raphael*, second series, in continuation of the volume issued last year, and reproducing works of the great painter, with essays on his life and genius, by Lanzi and Quatremere de Quincy; and *Christ and His Twelve Disciples*, a series of photographs from the original crayon drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, edited, with a history of each disciple, by Dean Alford. Both of these, we infer, will be issued in America by Messrs. Scribner & Welford.

WORKS which have been appearing by piecemeal, and are now on the point of completion, are Prof. Owen's *Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals*, and Baron Bunsen's *God in History*. Libraries that do not possess Bunsen's colossal work on *Ancient Egypt* should hasten to secure it. It is no longer supplied in separate volumes, volume second being nearly out of print, and as there is al-

most a moral certainty that it will not be reprinted, it is sure to become a scarce and highly-priced book. Mr. James Spedding's *Life and Letters of Lord Bacon* will also advance by the publication of volumes third and fourth, and Professor Ewald's *History of Israel* by the translation of the second volume, extending to the time of the Prophet Samuel.

MR. J. RUSSELL SMITH is to add to his *Library of Old Authors* a three-volume edition of the *Diaries and Remains of Thomas Hearne*. There was but a small edition of the original reprint from the original in the Bodleian library, so that few of us know much, except at second hand, of this literary antiquarian, who was indefatigable in his researches among the remains of the past, and to whose exertions is owing the preservation of so many old English chronicles.

MR. HOOVER is preparing the hitherto uncollected poetical and dramatic works of Dr. George Chapman, the translator of *Homer*.

THE REV. DR. HALLEY, a prominent Independent clergyman in England, is soon to publish a work on which he has been employed for many years and which is likely to find by no means its least cordial reception in this country. The title is *Lancashire; its Puritanism and Nonconformity*, and its purport is an explanation of the influence of the Puritan feeling and modes of thought upon the character of the people in the north of England.

MR. W. HEPPWORTH DIXON has in press *A Book of Studies: now first collected*.

MR. EDWARD EDWARDS has completed, in two volumes, *Sir Walter Raleigh's Life and Letters*, "based on contemporary documents preserved in the Rolls House, the Privy Council Office, the British Museum, etc."

MR. ROBERT BROWNING's new poem, whose title we have not yet learned, is to be published in four volumes!

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's memoir of Audubon is to appear soon.

MR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE—whose labors in philosophical biology are compared by English men of science, not disadvantageously, with Mr. Darwin's—has completed *The Malay Archipelago: the Land of the Orang-Utan and the Bird of Paradise*. This is described as "a narrative of travel, 1854-62; with studies of Man and Nature," and, we suppose, must be looked for by naturalists as one of the great books of the day.

#### LAW.

SUPREME COURT, CIRCUIT.—*Barnard, J.*—The case of Charles Reade, v. the imputed publishers of *The Round Table*, an action for libel, was reached on the calendar of this court on the 14th inst. Mr. Booth appeared for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Dimock & Whitney, and Sewell & Pierce, for the defendants. By consent of counsel the case was set down for the 20th inst. On the 20th, in consequence of the priority of business on the criminal side of the court, the calendar of civil causes was not called, and the case went over until Monday, the 26th. In the meantime, the action has been discontinued as against Mr. Sedley, the plaintiff having become satisfied that he was not connected with *The Round Table* at the date—the early part of 1866—of the articles of which he complains.

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